Do our courts dispense true JUSTICE?

A NATIONAL REPORT
by Sidney Katz

COVER BY REX WOODS
Freighter Fort Henry at Port Arthur

Will Howard Green change our foreign policy?

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN: HEROES OF MY BOYHOOD

MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 1 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA
WITH BLAIR FRASER



THE CBC AND "POLITICAL PRESSURE"

You can't see it, but it's always there

THERE WAS SOMETHING gothic about those eight Conservative backbenchers simmering for a full afternoon in the CBC like sophomores in Philosophy 1 trying to prove that the existence of Achilles really is the overture. Before the debate was over it was difficult to perceive any logic or law to govern the common sense. Political pressure on the CBC does exist and always has existed. Like atmospheric pressure it is real enough but it always does. Maybe it will suddenly remove the CBC would get the bends or blow up and burn like a deep sea fish brought to the surface.

The question is not whether political pressure exists but whether it was properly exerted at the top level.

There have been capitalization in the past Twenty-one years ago George V. Ferguson now editor of the Montreal Star but then with the Winnipeg Free Press broadcast some acid remarks about the Chamberlain government in Britain in the months leading up to Munich. He also had things to say about the Spanish Civil War that Roman Catholics didn't like. After some argument questions in the House of Commons Ferguson was promptly taken off air and the series for which he had been engaged was continued by someone else. Ferguson didn't broadcast again for six years by which time the CBC was under different management.

Even today he has no solid proof of political interference but he knows what Liberal cabinet ministers spoke to what CBC authority and ordered him silenced. There was little or no less about it at the time. A few weeks ago I [illegible] it.

[illegible] in the CBC. It just [illegible] today" the CBC man [illegible] If any politician tried it now and [illegible] the editor there would be [illegible] on.

Within a matter of days after that newspaper item had played him right. The change didn't open about by accident. It was won by hard battles in which broadcasting officials sometimes man virtually unknown to the public had the courage to put their jobs in jeopardy to defend the principle of public broadcasting. Frank Peers and the thirty-odd people who resigned with him are the latest but not the last in an honorable line.

Sometimes the battle ended in tactical defeat. The late Gen. E. R. Fiselin who for many years of national news services important to parliament for the CBC seemed to think the national broadcasting system was an instrument of political propaganda under his personal control. Once when he sent orders to the Montreal control room to pull the plug and cut off a broadcast that displeased him the operator obeyed. The resultant blaze proved useful in many ways and certainly helped in the political interference in the CBC's long struggle to convince Parliament and other politicians (and even some of the CBC's own theoretical people) that a national broadcasting system is not the tool of the party in power.

Most of the engagements in this long struggle have been victories for the CBC and for the principle of public broadcasting and examples could run into dozens.

[illegible] in the last [illegible] cent recession when C. D. Howe was telling prime ministers tried to forbid a phoned CBC television program on unemployment. The program was broadcast.

There was Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent's famous letter to CBC chairman Davidson Dunton the personal complaint about one program and one commentator in particular. The letter has not been published but its contents stood to caution some rather drastic suggestions for CBC program changes. Nothing happened as might that the prime minister himself was embarrassed when the gaffes learned about his "personal letter".

In some other cases ultimately exposed as successful political interference did not interference in fact took place.

Dan Sendby afternoon in 1952 Davey Dunton was listening to Capital Report read hand Charles Woodsworth then editor of the Ottawa Citizen make a slighting remark about Conservative leader George Drew. Dunton sat down immediately and wrote Drew a personal note of apology and when the broadcast was known people assumed that the matter had been political intervention. There was none. Woodsworth was not disciplined in any way and continued to broadcast for the CBC.

But the most extreme example of forbearance and the one that does the Liberal government the most credit was the pipeline debate in 1956. For once radio and television commentators were unanimous on a political issue — the string of regular contributors gave fully choice to indicate a balance of political opinion suddenly collapsed in a [illegible] violent agreement that the government's handling of the pipeline bill was outrageous. Nationally the Liberals were furious and they made no secret of their fury. One cabinet member in verbal battle with Jack Pickersgill in somebody else's house, which was unbroadcasted on hostess by shooting at each other. "I'll wreck you and all the Liberal party, by thunder, this time," said Pickersgill in a voice like a stallion's neigh.

But never all that long of tension the Liberal government never gave any direct order to the CBC. That's what CBC men say now when there's no longer reason for nonrecognition. Their own temperance was nervous enough keeping tab for copies of scripts and letters mixed word account of the views now being given to each party. It was the CBC high command, not the government that wanted to postpone George Drew's appearance on Press Conference or else to abridge everyone not to talk about the pipeline row when Frank Peers threatened to resign the program went on as scheduled and without restriction.

Peers is out temperamental set has often accepted orders to cancel programs when the CBC executives thought the programs were a good enough thing he will not do and up to now has not time made to do it cannot a program simply because it may be politically displeasing to the party in power. In those days nobody ever said, as was reported as saying "If that program isn't cancelled heads will roll."

There is nonetheless evolution as to who first used those words and on what authority but there is no doubt what-ever that this was the impression conveyed to CBC producers through the normal chain of command from acting president Ernest Bushnell. And once the heads that might roll included Bushnell's own President Alphonse Ouimet and Minister George Nowlan's the ultimate source clearly implied was Prime Minister Diefenbaker himself. No one else would have power to carry out such a threat if made by anyone else it would be empty.

One reason why the idea seemed quite plausible to Ottawa observers is that the prime ministers reaction to press coverage and comment is extremely direct. If he likes an article or a broadcast he often telephones or writes a note to the man who wrote it. If he doesn't like it he doesn't hesitate to make that known either. Three reporters whom I could name have been scolded in person by the prime ministers for things they wrote and one heard of others cases as well. They revel because.

It would not be necessary for the prime minister to speak to Ernest Bushnell directly or even by formal identifiable message to convince him that his own and others jobs were in danger.

It was this threat and this threat alone that raised the dispute over Preview Commentary into a major policy crisis. The program itself could be challenged on purely editorial grounds — it was often hastily done its panel included some men of limited experience, its reception by the public was somewhat mixed.

Had it been ordered off by the CBC management on these grounds no one would have had reason for serious protest. But when it was ordered off because otherwise "heads would roll" the men who produced it faced a choice between resignation and eventually [illegible] renden. They took the braver course. ★



[illegible] like [illegible] Parrie [illegible] to [illegible] CBC [illegible] 5 year history

BACKSTAGE WITH DRINKING



Canada primitive? No sir — it's wine for dinner now

OUR DRINKING HABITS have undergone sweeping changes since the war. Five provinces now have cocktail licenses [illegible] the early 40s, just Quebec permitted them). Most others appear to be ready. Three of every four Canadians now admit taking a drink and one annual consumption is a 15 gallon [illegible] each.

But aside from changing quantity, our tippling is shifting drastically in quality. New mixes, new cocktails, new lush haven all helped revolutionize our tastes—more many cases to make them more than Hmm drink by drink is what's happening across the country.

Wines [illegible] increasing variety are again becoming one dinner tables. Wine drinking [illegible] more domestic wine each year. Big United is the steady influx of wine-conscious European immigrants. Only in the Maritimes, where European immigration has been lightest are wine sales down. One [illegible] of our growing sophistication: champagne sales are booming.

Gin. The huge success of tonic wine (from 10 000 cases in 1954 to half a million last year) has upped gin consumption right across the country. But it's still mostly a summer favourite. Four times more leading the trend to gin and tonic. Victoria, Montreal, Toronto and Carmi Brook. Nfld. le Quebec Holland gin—often with warm water—is a year round favorite in the west. Famous gin. Some devotees still address him making their own gin by mixing essence of juniper with ethanol. (One Montreal connoisseur with elaborate measuring equipment use the whip up his satisfaction to match that of any commercial brand. His guests ask for.) Most here now often a vermouthless Martini (straight gin) and [illegible] bars a dry Martini is now much dryer (up to 10-to-1) than it was five years ago.

Vodka is fast becoming the best seller though it still cannot be bought in B.C. (except by the case). Alberta, Quebec et Newfoundland. It already outsells all prepared cocktails and liqueurs. Sales now top 100 000 cases a year. Most popular mixes: beef bouillon (a hallshot) and orange juice (screwdriver).

Rye for all the inroads of gin and vodka is still the Canadian drink—usually with water. In Manitoba two thirds of all liquor sold is rye. **Scotch:** Bartenders still call it the aristocrats drink—but gin is taking some of the market.

Rum is, as always, the favourite drink of the Maritimers. Bartenders in Vancouver and Toronto spot trends to light rums—frequently with tonic—as summer drinks.

Backstage WITH EASY MONEY / After windfalls — happiness or grief?

TO NEWSPAPERMEN chasing after what's next for your [illegible] from Canada's dozen of lucky sweepstake winners is one of the biggest of annual climbs. To most not-so-lucky readers the calculus of ecstatic quotes, what to learn my way they've smugly sum all that new found wealth will just bring grief. But it looks like that idea's a niche too.

Manitoban's trunked down 40 big winners from the last 30 years. A few flatly refused to comment and all tired of a weary parade of talkmen and hucksters were reticent. Not almost all seemed to have built lasting more serene lives with their surprise jackpots. Wisquote.

Arthon Dawe probably our sweepstakes champion, was manager of a Vancouver gas station when he won $417 500 in 1930. He went on a Mediterranean cruise, bought a house and a yacht and quit pumping gas to study law. He was called to the bar in 1942.

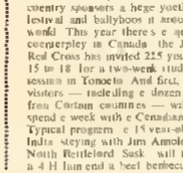
Ruben Cowie was manager of a finance company office in Chilliwack, B.C. when he won $148 000 in March 1958. Since he's built a new house and started his own loan company. Hepper? Not much. "he says. "Not lose some problems, get some new ones."

Manley Allen, a Calgary investing salesman, won $140 000 last fall. He's kept his $5 000 a year job, bought his wife a used car and set up a trust fund for his two children. Though the Allens weren't bothered by many telesmen often think windfall they got hundreds of letters from people asking them to buy sweepstakes tickets for them.

Bill Cowsley of Kinley, Sask., quit his job as an elevator agent and bought a farm when he won $100 000 in 1949. Now he spends much of his time mixing on playing bingo. I'm lucky, he says.

Mrs. Betty Sturdy, of Dryden, Ont., adopted a girl after she and her husband won $56 000 in 1955. The Sturdys still live in a rented house though they bought a new car and some appliances.

But not all the stories are happy. John Babich in Vennoveen, Labrador bought his landlady an Irish Sweepstake ticket as a present in 1956. She won $140 000. They quarreled violently. Babich moved to another rooming house and went back to work.



What happens to sweet dreams?

Backstage WITH THE CBC

High-level ears are tuned to your opinions, your letters, calls can change or doom shows

THE SAME DAY Joyce Davidson crowned queen of CBC-TV's Tabloid and on a U.S. network show that most Canadians watch indifferently to royal tours. 860 people phoned CBC offices to say she was wrong — or worse. 51 others phoned to agree with her. One day later Joyce Davidson "resigned." Then even the next day's newspapers swung to her favor — 1,329 to 1,068, based on the eased bank note TV.

Fast sentiments on programs detonate such violent reactions. But under constant bombardment from parliament, private broadcasters and hosts of newspaper critics the CBC is firmly tuned to what its viewers and listeners think. Here's what happens when you telephone or write the CBC.

Sometimes as in the Davidson affair the content or form of programming is changed by sheer audience response. The format of Preview a morning radio show of classical music and news was changed by the CBC in December 1957.



RAWHIDE, WHITTALL
Everybody's pin pals

In [illegible] commentary [illegible] and popular music. Within three weeks 7 000 people wrote to complain. Preview was changed back.

All the 7 000 letters about Preview were answered — as are all letters of comment. Twenty persons of the audience [illegible] department mind [illegible] much of their time, just answering mail. All letters are published pro or con and forwarded to the supervisor concerned.

Phone calls [illegible] are tabulated. Three girls in Toronto spend all day just listening to opinions.

Audience reaction from 30 favorable to 1 million [illegible] the CBC Quebec listeners are the busiest letter writers. B.C.'s are next. About one of eight comments comes from the U.S.

Some programs consistently draw heavy mail by asking for questions or answers. Mr. Fixit (Peter Whittall) gets 5 000 requests a week to demonstrate, took on methods on his show. All Iran champ was a now-defector. French language quiz, Behind the Point, had interrogation [illegible] ons. drew 759 000 answers in a month. Rawhide, who doesn't ask for mail is today's biggest draw and Max Ferguson (the voice of Rawhide) answers it all himself.

Viewers love to point out mistakes — such as a girl who apparently had no money buying hundreds of pills in a TV play. Others simply ask for information. *Can I get a recipe like the one Ed McNamara uses in the On Five Mix* in McNamara's wife. Answer: *It doesn't get a recipe.*

What happened in the [illegible] Public Lighting Act when actual [illegible] Occasionally the CBC has letter-writers expand their interest to [illegible] (CBC-TV Let In Reply Radio) But that practice is being dropped. Even the most articulate freeze up on the air—[illegible] page

Background

PROPAGANDA — OUR STYLE

At least once a year some Communist country sponsors a huge youth festival and ballyhoos it around the world. This year there's a great counterplay in Canada. The Junior Red Cross has invited 225 youngsters, 15 to 18 for a two-week study session in Toronto. And first, the visitors — including a dozen from four Curtain countries — will each spend a week with a Canadian family. Typical program: a 15-year-old from India staying with Jim Arnold of North Battleford, Sask., will take in a 4-H [illegible] and a beef barbecue.

SMALLER SMALL CARS

What will the big Three's small cars do to the big wheels of open market (about 30%) that foreign firms have grabbed? Says Geoffrey H. Rood, chairman of the British Motor Industry in Canada: Nothing — small U.S.-style cars will eat into the big U.S.-style trade. But just to be safe several British firms are working on even smaller cars.

'RECOVERY' AIDS RECOVERY

The striking success of Alcoholics Anonymous is sparking similar movements in other fields. Latest in Canada is Recovery, Inc. — a 21 year-old U.S. organization of ex-[illegible] former mental patients on nervous patients recommended by doctors. Last month Recovery opened in Toronto branch it already has 330 in the U.S. It has few formal rules.

MAI PEQUES FOR EVERYONE

To the nemnotsmin the only oysters have always been Melpeque — from both off P.E.I. (New "Malpeque" may mean it is from the Maritimes.) Since 1956 five million Melpeque oysters have been planted off New Brunswick and Nova Scotia — to restock beds depleted by three years of disease. Result: hybrids.

TRUANT PARENTS

Keeping Jeeton in school in fishing season is still a problem even for city parents. But for the Indians of northwest B.C. it sometimes works the other way. They want their sons out — to help with commercial fishing for two months, mush spring and fall. Indian Affairs officials are pondering one solution: get off family allowances if youngsters play hookey.

NEW JOBS FOR OLD FOES

Two ex-[illegible] teamsters being pulled to work to boost out-lumber industry. Arsenic is being used experimentally to kill trees before they're cut, where it's pretend amend the trunk. The tree dries out while still standing, cutting hauling and mill costs. Forest fires, still odin precise control are being eyed to end [illegible] destruction in some U.S. areas. A scientific [illegible]-off new improved ground conditions for new growth.

Editorials

Can any law define obscenity?

LIKE MANY OTHERS who are opposed both to pornography and censorship we applaud the spirit in which Justice Minister Fulton proposes to strengthen and clarify the laws against obscenity. If he succeeds in writing a law that will protect the reading public against filth without weakening the freedom of expression and inquiry he will have done the nation an incalculable service.

We doubt that as yet he is within reach of success. What he proposes to do is substitute a woolly and inexact yardstick with another yardstick which *seems* more explicit but may in fact prove no easier to interpret in the courts. The prohibition against material tending to corrupt people susceptible of corruption by such material will be replaced by a prohibition against "any publication a dominant characteristic of which is the undue exploitation of sex and any one or more of the following subjects, namely crime, horror, cruelty and violence."

A judge sitting on a charge under the new law will still be dealing with sentences far more than with the statutes. No matter how great a body of precedent may be built up for its guidance each court will have to decide for itself what is meant by "dominant," what is meant by "exploitation," what is meant by "sex," what is meant by "horror," "crime," "cruelty" and "violence" offer much lesser problems. They all involve physical actions which can be seen and identified with some precision.

We think that all Canadians will wish the department of justice well in its difficult task. At the same time we believe it fair to point out that wisdom on the bench rather than new legislation is still our best defense.

Strictly consistent in defense

AT THE HEIGHT of the debate that accompanied the demise of the Arrow, a Maclean's editor interviewed a man who was for many years one of Canada's senior defense officers.

Q Since the war we have seemed to lack a consistent defense policy.

A On the contrary our policy has been absolutely consistent.

Q Then what is it?

A To spend about a billion dollars a year on something vaguely connected with defense.

This policy, which appeared briefly to be on the verge of amendment, now seems to have been reinstated. We have replaced the obsolescent Arrow with the obsolescent Bomarc as our contribution to the defense of Canada. We are about to replace the obsolete CF-100 with the obsolescent F-104 as our contribution to the defense of Europe.

In the age of the atomic warhead and the ballistic missile we are still consistently spending about a billion dollars a year on something vaguely connected with defense.

Mailbag

- "Plunder of our art treasures goes on"
- What happened to Sir John A's "cup that cheers"?
- Do non-members subsidize churches?

IT IS TO BE HOPED that The Scandal of Our Lost Art Treasures (July 4) will shock Canadians into the realization that this is just half the ugly picture. The plunder still continues.

Last summer I made the acquaintance of a woman in northern Manitoba who has discovered a remarkable bed of rock containing beautiful animal and vegetable fossils. When I asked if she had informed any Canadian museum of her find she replied that none had shown any interest in her report—but I have a contact in the States that takes all I can ship out to them.

Many priceless historical articles still exist in private collections, often safeguarded for purely sentimental reasons and when the present owners die others unknown of their value will destroy them. A few months ago I was dismayed to find in a dilapidated shed cartons of Illustrated London News dating from England via Hudson's Bay and York boat.—NAN SHIPLEY, WINNIPEG.

Why not have some charming diplomat and persuasive person call on Colonel Hugh Pearsall, the wealthy New Jersey collector (Aug. 8)? and try to secure an option on his Canadian items? Surely if he is a reasonable man he won't mind them coming back to the country of their origin after he is no longer here.



to enjoy them. In the meantime, he would have the price of the option and our recognition of his skill as a collector.—MRS. L. H. PAYNE, ENDERBY, B.C.

John D. and Sir John A

I read with interest your article on the private collection of Sir John A. Macdonald memorabilia (July 4). Although I greatly admire Mr. Diefenbaker, I think it a shame that such a collection could not be made by a man with a greater sense of humor. By ignoring Sir John's fondness of the cup that cheers, Mr. Diefenbaker is attempting to wipe out the memory of a very human side of the father of our nation. Sir John A. was a character. In my opinion preserve him as such, not as a Canadian version of Yes I can down the cherry tree, George Washington whose moral mightiness leaves me completely unmoved.—MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG, SAPERIOR, ONT.

To consider these articles as collections of sacrilegious Tory art, the property of the Canadian people willed to us as part of our national heritage. How dare any man claim these as his own.—MARJORIE CAMBRIDGE, REGINA.

Maclean's July 4 issue is worthy of note splendidly done. Keep on depicting the history of Canada in color every chance you get.—MRS. A. M. HEGGIE, NORQUAY, SASK.

One sergeant major

We have not yet reached the point of Americanization that any instructor,



even in jest, wears his stripes upside down as in your Mailbag skinit (July 4).—THOMAS GILLON, MARKENDALE, ONT.

United Church publicity

In Preview (June 20) you say the United Church of Canada is pondering a budget of a million dollars for publicity. Such a suggestion has never been discussed by responsible officials of the United Church. No such sum is available. We are interested in good publicity but what money is contributed to our church is carefully budgeted in the work for which the church exists.—REV. ERNEST J. LONG, SECRETARY, UNITED CHURCH HOUSE, TORONTO.

Taxes for church members

More power to Mrs. Hardy (Non-profit groups — even churches — should pay taxes, July 4). Taxes should be paid by church members according to their income. As it is we run new taxing non-members for the benefit of the churches and I for one regard it as nothing less than robbery.—L. KLEES, NIAGARA ON THE LAKE, ONT.

The first pancake house

Smitty's Pancake House of Calgary (Preview, July 4) is not the first of its kind in Western Canada. The Pancake Phinny was opened here as Dec. 15, 1958. It serves fourteen different kinds of pancakes and is Edmonton-owned.—MRS. E. I. BOBLE, EDMONTON.

Hees at war

Peter Newman's article about Canada's Transport Minister (June 20) made us want to hoist "For Hees a Jolly Good Fellow." Many readers, especially those in Alberta, would no doubt have liked mention of the fact that Hees served with the Calgary Highlanders (Militia) Regiment in World War II. The war history of that famous regiment contains this passage: "Brigadier Major George Hees . . . gained the lasting respect of the Calgary Highlanders."—EDWARD FORD, TOWN OF MOUNT ROYAL, QUE. ★

How Dave Swanson rescued a $70,000 sale, then doubled it . . . with Hertz Rent A Car!



9:20 A.M. ARRIVED TORONTO, CAR WAITING
"Conference scheduled for afternoon, came early to make courtesy call on new customer. Waiting: a beautiful new Chevrolet, reserved in advance through the Montreal Hertz Rent A Car office."



9:55 A.M. MET WITH COOL RECEPTION. Drove straight out to customer's plant in my Hertz Rent A Car. He was very displeased. Speed changer was missing off the big press we'd delivered — his first order."



11:10 A.M. LOCATED SPECIAL SHIPMENT. "Phoned Montreal: missing part had been shipped separately, routed through Leaside by error. I rushed over there, found the package. Thank the stars for that Hertz Chevrolet."



12:05 P.M. DELIVERED MISSING PART. "What a relief. Customer so impressed he doubled his order within a month. Good hectic morning's work — I just couldn't have done it without Hertz Rent A Car."

GET THE HERTZ IDEA . . .
Reserve a car in advance through your local Hertz office. A phone call does it. Travel fast by plane or train. Within minutes of arrival, you can be on your way at the wheel of the kind of car you like to drive—making your own timetable, getting so much done. Choose a Chevrolet or other fine new car. Low Hertz Rent A Car rates include *all* gas, oil and proper insurance.

RESERVATIONS To reserve a car in Canada, the U.S., or anywhere in the world, call your travel agent . . . or local Hertz office listed under "Hertz" in your alphabetical phone book.



IN CANADA SINCE 1924...
HERTZ
NOW WORLD WIDE

HERTZ RENT A CAR — CANADA: 1411 Crescent Street at St. Catherine St., Montreal 25, P.Q.

DRIVE IT AS YOUR OWN . . . A NEW 1959 POWERGLIDE CHEVROLET BEL AIR OR OTHER FINE NEW CAR

Greatest array of world-wide exhibits ever

makes the 1959 CNE the perfect holiday destination There's fun, excitement and entertainment for everyone at the world's largest annual exhibition—be sure you visit this beautiful 350 acre wonderland this summer



GEORGE GOBEL *hosts the lavish Evening Grandstand Spectacular every night at 8:00 p.m.—400 dancers, singers, entertainers, musicians—the world's finest array of talent on the world's largest moveable stage—gigantic fireworks display.*



THE "DISCO KID" & "PANCHO" *will thrill the youngsters in the fun-filled afternoon Grandstand Circus—3 rings—36 acts—children half price—AUG 28 to SEPT. 18.*

GATO DAVIES *in the greatest display of fighting ships ever on the Great Lakes—CNE Waterfront AUG 28—31*

International Year is Your Year at the

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW—*Dazzling aerobatics—by U.S. and Canadian Air Force teams—SEPT 11—13.*

OLD MACDONALD'S FARM—*a display of young farm animals especially interesting for children*

SPORTS GALORE—*world-champion wrestling, show, track and field meets—plus Canada's Olympic Plan in action. Visit the Sports & Hockey Halls of Fame*



NATIONAL HORSE SHOW—*COLISEUM AUG 27, 28, 29, 31—SEPT 1, 2*

WORLD'S LARGEST AGRICULTURAL BUILDING *with push-button livestock, dairy products, poultry, fruit, grain and vegetables from all over Canada*



EXPO CONCERTS *daily in the Bandshell, featuring the acclaimed Band of The Royal Marines of Great Britain*

A MILE OF MIDWAY *with new rides, shows and games—great fun for the youngsters!*



CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

TORONTO • CANADA • OPENS WEDNESDAY

AUG. 26 to SEPT. 12

Harry J. Price, President
Hiram E. McCallum, General Manager

MACLEAN'S

Editor: Ralph Allen
Managing Editor: Leslie F. Hannon
Associate Editors: Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders — Ottawa Editor: Blair Fraser
Art Director: Gene Aliman — Photo Editor: Jack Olsen
Assistant Editors: N. O. Armistead, Ray Cardinal, Peter Gzowski, Eric Hutton, Ric Leif P. Hurlburt, Moses Znaimer, Peter C. Newman, Kenneth McKenzie Porter, Hal Tennant, Robert Weiler
Editorial Assistants: Carol Chapman, Lois Harrison, Shirley E. Main, Joan Weatherseed, Barbara West

Advertising Sales Mgr.: Stanley I. Hutchings — Circulation Mgr.: Gordon Ramsay
Advertising Production Mgr.: Roy F. MacKenzie
Manager: F. G. Bronfet
Director: Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division, C. J. Laurie

EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

CONTENTS

VOLUME 72 AUGUST 1 1959 NUMBER 16

PREVIEW

Preview *Tomorrow's household help / How Ottawa will put its best foot forward / Top couturiers draw their fall sketches / Hypnotism by machine* 1

Backstage *How the CBC survives political pressures* 2
Our changing drinking habits / How you can influence CBC programs / What happens to sweep winners

Editorial and Mailbag 4

ARTICLES

Do our courts dispense true justice? — Sidney Katz 13
The lone pine of Parliament Hill — Blair Fraser 16
The streets of Canada: The Driveway — Peter C. Newman 18
Are you the victim of your own ambitions? — Dr. George S. Stevenson and Harry Mill 22
The tragedy of the fat child — Dorothy Sangster 23
The heroes of my boyhood — Robert Thomas Allen 24
I survived the sinking of the Lusitania — Sir Harold Boulton 26

DEPARTMENTS

For the sake of argument
If hangings continue—make them public — Eric Nicol 7
London letter *Has the Mermaid come back to life* — Beverley Baxter 10
Sweet & sour 28 — Maclean's movies 36
Jasper 40 — Canadiana 44 — Parade 52



THE COVER

Never in Port Arthur's history has a fish ever been the object of such rapt attention. It must be the fish they're starring in since the only women whom artist **Rex Woods** actually saw on the freighter Fort Henry were clothed. He invented the blonde in the bathing suit.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

COVER—Rex Woods

Maclean's is published every Saturday by the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company, Limited. Horace T. Hunter, President. The issue of Jan. 10, 1959, was the Magazine's Golden Jubilee number. Printed in Canada. Second class mail registration number 0000. Canada Post Office Department, Ottawa. Subscription rates: Canada, British Commonwealth and U.S.A. $3.00 per year; $5.00 for two years; $6.00 for three years. Other countries $4.00 per year; $7.00 for two years; $9.00 for three years. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa. Copyright 1959 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company, Limited. Contents may not be reprinted without permission. Acceptance of unsolicited manuscript cannot be guaranteed. We will endeavour to return such manuscript provided it is accompanied by sufficient postage. While the publishers will take all reasonable care they will not be responsible for loss of the manuscript, drawings or photographs.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To avoid missing copies, please send your change of address at least six weeks before you move to

Subscription Dept.,
Maclean's Magazine
481 University Ave.,
Toronto 2, Ont.

giving us both your old and new addresses and—if you wish—an address label from one of your copies.

For the sake of argument



ERIC NICOL SUGGESTS

If hangings continue—make them public

TORONTO (CP) — A record crowd of 28,000 last night watched Joseph Drake die on the gallows in Varsity Stadium. The first person to be publicly hanged under Bloodlights — in accommodate those fans who work during the day — Drake met death calmly.

The event was televised by the CBC for sal-of-tuwn viewers, and in the ratings topped Ed Sullivan's show.

Facetious? Not at all.

I suggest that the public hanging is the logical desideratum for those who would retain capital punishment as a deterrent—still a majority of Canadian citizens according to the most recent public-opinion polls.

It is true that lately the Governor-General in Council has commuted to life imprisonment about ninety percent of death sentences. But Mr. Justice A. M. Manson of B.C. has damned this practice as flouting the law of the land which is firmly backed by the belief, virtually both in parliament and among the public at large that the death penalty must be kept on the books for its effect as a deterrent.

No other defense

No other argument for capital punishment is respectable. The eye-for-an-eye chestnut has been generally repudiated as an attempt to find divine sanction for an act of pure revenge.

As abatement the death penalty is even less defensible, being a corrective whose benefits to the offender are singularly short-lived.

In short, unless it is a deterrent the gallows — or the electric chair or the gas chamber — is nothing. Nothing that is, but a brutal vengeance: a killing whose agony of suspense far exceeds an torture any thing the condemned person may have perpetrated.

Then should not the deterrent be as widely publicized as possible? If the state is to take a human life should not this gracious aggregation be exploited to the full measure of its value as a warning?

Our medieval ancestors were more sensible about this: not only hanging their victims in public but also drawing and quartering them. Cutting down the hanged man while there was still the breath of life in him, disemboweling and dismembering him — who could ask for a more specific deterrent than this.

Yet on evidence these grisly exhibitions did nothing to discourage crimes of murder and theft among the rowdies of treason in the mighty. As Arthur Koestler remarks us in his Reflections on Hanging at that time when thieves were hanged for their crime, the crowd milling about the scaffold was thoroughly worked over by packs of pickpockets.

However, this is a departure from the point of my thesis. Merely as an aside I mention that some of us believe that capital punishment fails to justify itself on a deterrent that most capital crimes are acts of blind passion or stupidity or bank robbery a panic that never reckon the consequences. Just let it be footnoted that these crimes are controlled by social psychiatric and economic factors rather than the threat of the gibbet as is easily demonstrable from the moderate crime records of countries (total: thirty three) that have abandoned legalized killing.

End of digression. We'll assume now for the sake of argument that hanging is a deterrent and I shall try to persuade you if you are not already convinced that the sultitudinous scaffold and its performance should be seen by as many potential murderers as possible.

I anticipate the objection that a public hanging would draw no audience on this day and kind of greenest sensibility and that the public en masse would turn a shuddering back on the terrible sight.

However I believe I am correct in saying that the largest single crowd—well over 100,000 unnamed—to attend a sports event on this conti- continued on page 41

A VANCOUVER NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST AND THE AUTHOR OF SEVERAL BOOKS, ERIC NICOL IS BEST KNOWN FOR HIS HUMOROUS WRITINGS

NOTHING PROTECTS LIKE



NON-POISONOUS DETTOL ANTISEPTIC DISINFECTANT

in the home

KILLS GERMS

EVERYWHERE

A little Dettol in the cleaning water helps guard your family's health. It attacks the hidden dirt, disinfects drains. Makes fixtures and walls hospital clean — free from household germs.

SAFEGUARDS SICK-ROOMS



Use Dettol in sick rooms, too. Its disinfectant properties keep hands, bed linen and utensils sterile and germ free. Reduces the chance of infecting other members of the family.



A GENTLE FIRST AID ANTISEPTIC

Dettol is a must in every family medicine chest. Safe and non-poisonous, its gentle, soothing antiseptic action on minor cuts, scratches and abrasions promotes quick, clean healing free from infection. Never leaves a messy stain.



You will like Dettol as your personal antiseptic, too. It's the antiseptic of choice in leading Canadian Hospitals.

Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Montreal



The Look that says GM people have succeeded

Here's a man who looks pretty pleased with himself — a man who's discovered quality who's made an extra good buy for himself — and knows it.

This is a look by which we at the four General Motors manufacturing companies in Canada measure the success of GM people in creating quality products. It's a look that tells us another of our products has passed the most crucial test of quality — the customer approval test! The rigorous quality control systems employed throughout our plants (and illustrated on these pages) are themselves proved in practice by this one test we cannot perform ourselves — the satisfaction test you run!

Specialist engineers and scientists at GM devise the strictest and most exhaustive tests to ensure that every component of every GM product — cars and trucks, Diesel locomotives, Frigidaire appliances, engines — is as near perfect as modern science can make it.

The pooled experience of all our four companies leads to greater and greater quality — leads to ever higher standards of efficiency, performance and economy. Everything is done to produce this better quality that means better value — that means you get more for your money!

That so many millions of Canadians buy General Motors products — and choose them again when they repurchase — indicates the high standard of quality control we achieve. It is the wide acceptance of our products, based on their quality — that is the firm foundation of our success.





At the GM Assembly Plant at Oshawa, Arizona dust — the finest dust available — is blown by air pressure guns against all door, window and trunk openings of this GM car to test its sealing. A partial vacuum, created inside the car, allows dust to penetrate and reveal the slightest imperfections. This quality-control test leads to greater driving comfort even in the worst highway conditions.

Every refrigerating unit at the Frigidaire Plant at Scarborough must pass through a submersion leak test tank containing 5,000 gallons of a special temperature and flow-controlled water solution. By carefully observing that no telltale bubbles rise from it, Frigidaire inspectors make sure that each unit is correctly sealed and in perfect condition. This quality-control test ensures longer life and better service from your Frigidaire refrigerator.



Measuring less than one ten-thousandth of an inch in the bore of a Diesel-Hydraulic locomotive gearbox with a super sensitive air-gauge! This is just one of the many quality-control tests performed at the GM Diesel Plant at London to make sure every part of these powerful locomotives functions with absolute dependability. Large or small, every GM product is quality tested for perfection.





One hundred m.p.h. for 150 hours under conditions far in excess of normal road loads! This is the sort of dynamometer test V8 engines selected at random at McKinnon Industries in St. Catharines undergo. Top-quality performance in this 15,000 mile indoor journey means top-quality performance for you on the highways. Another example of the close quality control that earns General Motors its great quality reputation!

GENERAL MOTORS

General Motors of Canada, Limited — Oshawa and Windsor

The McKinnon Industries, Limited — St. Catharines

Frigidaire Products of Canada, Limited — Scarborough

General Motors Diesel, Limited — London

QUALITY PRODUCTS FOR CANADIANS

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE AUGUST 1 1959

Holiday reservations?



arrange them by

TELEPHONE

it's the easiest, surest way

Whether you are planning a beach holiday, mountain vacation or a motor trip avoid disappointment by telephoning ahead.

If you have friends enroute, call ahead to say you'll be dropping in—they'll appreciate it.

And while you're away, keep in touch with home and office by telephone. It's easy to do. The cost is small. And it all adds up to a more pleasant trip.

LONG DISTANCE
costs less than you'd think
—look at these low rates

	First 3 Mins.	Each Added Min.
Vancouver to Saskatoon	$ 75	$ 55
St. John's, Nfld. to Toronto	2.20	1.70
Charlottetown to Edmonton	3.25	1.05
Saint John to Victoria	3.35	$ 10

Above rates in effect 6 p.m. to 4.30 a.m. Station to station daily and all day Sunday

CALL BY NUMBER *it's twice as fast*

TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

NATION WIDE TELECOMMUNICATION SERVICE

London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

How the Mermaid came back to life



The Mermaid reopened with this adaptation of a bawdy old comedy

This is the time of year when we who live in London wonder whether there are any Canadians left in Canada. On the streets in the parks in the shops, the theatres and the concert halls to say nothing of the Houses of Parliament the Canadians are everywhere.

We expatriates are delighted to hear the gossip of our native land and take a special pride in letting our kindred gaze at the river from the terrace of the House of Commons or motor them through the luscious parks which were left to us by the profligate Charles II and of course the good Victoria.

The only objection to this annual invasion is that our Canadian visitors sometimes ask the impossible. For example when two friends of ours arrived up from Toronto not long ago they coolly suggested that they and the Baxters should go that very evening to the Mermaid Theatre which had recently opened for business on that part of the north bank known as Puddle Dock.

Patiently we explained to them that the opening of the theatre by the lord mayor in all his robes had given the newborn theatre such a send off that it would not be possible to get seats for a performance under a month at the very least. As these particular Canadians were from Toronto they probably inspired some kind of a lonely theatre opening for business on something like Front Street, Toronto just overlooking the Bay.

Next morning our Canadian friends telephoned us "We have four seats for tonight at the Mermaid Theatre for Lock Up Your Daughters. We will meet you at the entrance." Some day in the future a bunch of Canadians will probably make a take-over bid for London.

Lock Up Your Daughters is showing twice nightly the first performance at 6.10 and the second at 8.40. So the two Baxters set off in their car and joined the swirling maelstrom of outgoing motors on their homeward way to the suburbs and the incoming tide of motorists en route to London for a night out in town.

Our Canadian friends had risen to the occasion. With that swift adaptability which characterizes Torontonians they had found a spot marked No Parking that could just take our two cars. Thus we were able to enter the theatre with no worries on our minds.

Once again the astonishing ingenuity of the Londoner was to be seen in the interior of the theatre. In the foreground was a circular stage such as they had in London when Will Shakespeare came to town from Stratford. Behind a glass partition was an orchestra where the players could gaze on the river when their instruments were mute. In the program we read the words spoken on the opening night by the lord mayor in all his glory.

A company of strolling players we are told seeks to entertain the people of this city here by Puddle Dock. We bring the Mermaid. Take her upon the stage so that you may give this theatre its right and proper name.

That was the christening of the first theatre in the actual City of London for three hundred years—the city of course being that financial district of London which is a whirlwind by day and a deserted monolemn effigy dark. Now I must pause in my narrative while the actors prepare themselves for the play.

If we agree continued on page 42



The man who knows –sells WHITE ROSE



the pick of them all!

WHITE ROSE

He also makes a specialty of service

There are two people vitally concerned with your car. Naturally, one is you. The other is your White Rose dealer. To him, service is a specialty. In addition to supplying you with quality White Rose gasolines, oils and lubricants, your White Rose dealer provides free and thorough inspection under the hood and all around the car. He knows from experience that a careful look *now* can save you money in the future. Next time you drive into a White Rose station, notice the extra attention your car gets. And you pay no more!

CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES LIMITED

ALL-CANADIAN ALL THE WAY — FROM OILFIELDS — TO REFINERY — TO YOU!



Only Libby's cook beans like this!

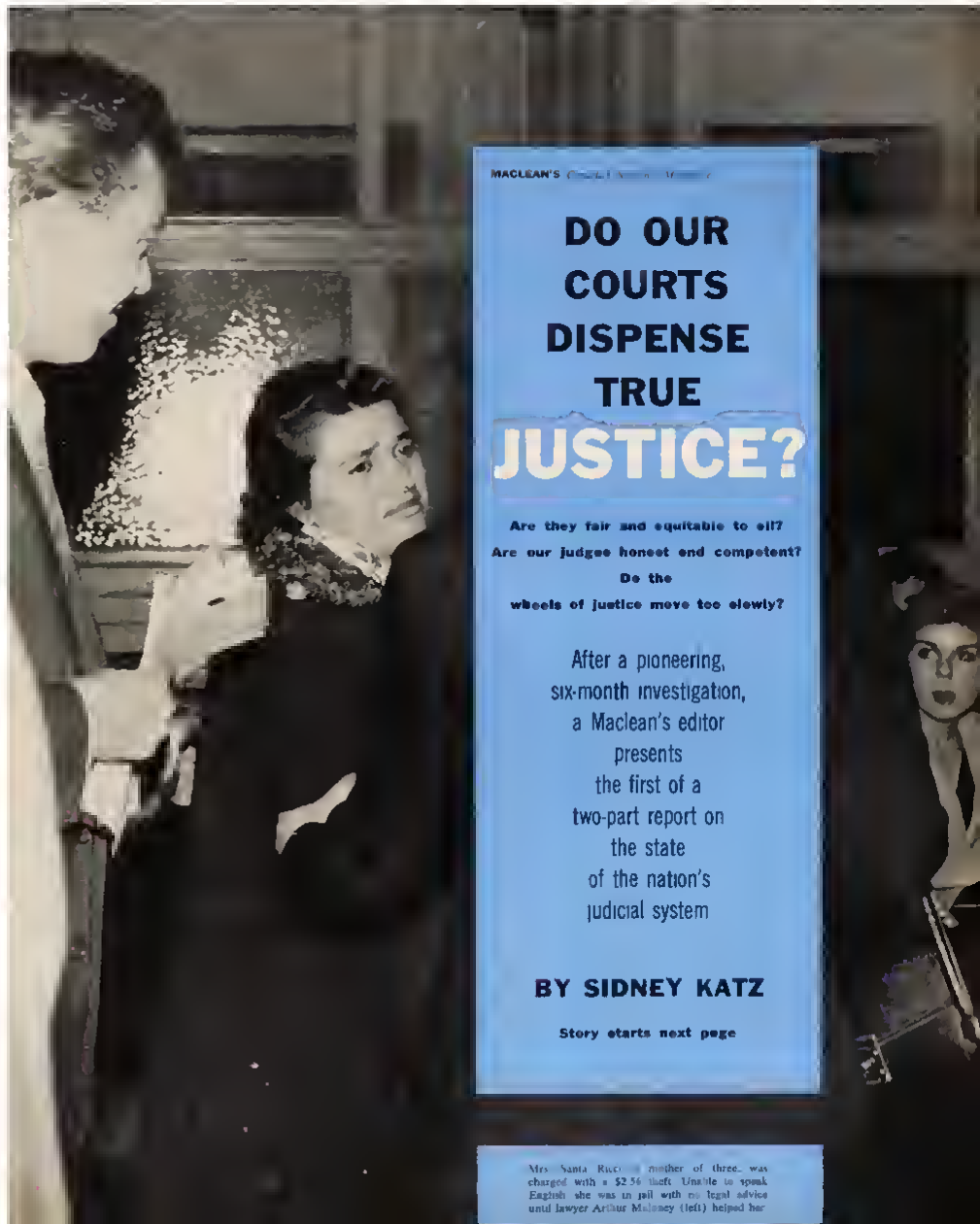
Don't they look good! And they taste just as wonderful as they look because each bean is deep browned through and through — cooked till it's plump and tender and mealy. Then we pour on the bubbling lively goodness of our secret-recipe tomato sauce and a piece of pork to enrich the flavour — and Libby's Deep-Browned Beans are ready to heat, eat and enjoy! Try them soon. Discover why Libby's Deep Browned Beans outsell every other brand—by far. So delicious that Libby's will pay you double your money back if you don't agree they're the best you've ever tasted.

Libby's
DEEP BROWNED
BEANS



LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA, LIMITED CHATHAM, ONTARIO

2 088-58



MACLEAN'S

DO OUR COURTS DISPENSE TRUE JUSTICE?

Are they fair and equitable to all?
Are our judges honest and competent?
Do the
wheels of justice move too slowly?

After a pioneering, six-month investigation, a Maclean's editor presents the first of a two-part report on the state of the nation's judicial system

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Story starts next page

Mrs. Santa Ricc[illegible] mother of three, was charged with a $2.56 theft. Unable to speak English, she was in jail with no legal advice until lawyer Arthur Maloney (left) helped her



Judges who take outside jobs may jeopardize their impartiality But many do it to augment incomes Hnn Lndgn J C Anderson (centre) of Belleville Ont stands at labor board



Repeated — and often needless — delays sometimes cause court cases to remain undecided for years Simon Ibn med Thirties Edward Sommer has spent a fortune trying to establish his claim to downtown Montreal's Sommer Building (background) which was once owned by his father

Do our courts dispense true justice?

"Justice," said Daniel Webster one hundred years ago "is the greatest concern of man on earth" This declaration is equally true today The administration of justice is of intimate and vital concern to every man woman and child in Canada Our courts have the power of life and death over us They protect our freedom but under certain circumstances can imprison us for long periods of time They safeguard our property and wealth, on the other hand they can take our property away from us for a number of causes and in a number of ways Yet despite the formidable powers wielded by the judiciary the average person is only dimly aware of how the machinery of justice functions He is usually content to leave the matter in the hands of our judges lawyers and police departments without comment

Perhaps this lack of urgent and widespread public concern is an unspoken tribute to our judicial system In that system we have much to be proud of The final arbiters of our law are the nine justices of the Supreme Court of Canada in Ottawa who have been described as "the sturdy champions of civil liberties the fairest men in the land" In each province a supreme court holds sway made up usually of a trial and an "appeal" division The trial division is known by different names in different provinces — the Supreme Court the Superior Court the High Court of Justice or Court of the Queen's Bench Beneath these divisions of county courts All the courts mentioned here are presided over by some three hundred judges appointed for life by the federal government thus granting them considerable freedom from political and financial pressures At the local level justice is dispensed by magistrates who are appointed by the attorney general in each province. The court which the average citizen is most likely to have contact with is the magistrate's court since it is here that traffic and liquor cases, as well as ninety percent of all criminal cases are heard

Rarely have our courts been accused of corruption or dishonesty Yet it is well known to members of the bench and bar — by well in many hapless citizens — that all too often the wheels of justice move too slowly Indeed in some individuals justice is being denied almost completely Reforms are urgently needed to improve the calibre of the men on the bench to guarantee equality before the law for all and to streamline the judicial process

Up until now improvement in our courts has been obstructed by a widespread belief that judges and courts are sacrosanct and beyond criticism This attitude is changing due largely to pronouncements such as the one recently made by a prominent English jurist "The courts must be allowed to suffer the scrutiny and outspoken comments of ordinary men No wrong is committed in criticizing the courts, both in private and public, provided the criticism is made in good faith and the criticism abstains from imputing improper motives to those taking part in the administration of justice"

"Judgments like the rest of us," says Professor G V V Nichols of the Dalhousie University law faculty "Devotion to the bench confirms on the recipient no immunity from the possibility of error" A Toronto lawyer who is interested in legal reform states flatly "If people don't criticize the courts the courts become worse and fall into disrepute Constructive intelligent criticism doesn't mean less respect for the judiciary"

For several weeks Maclean's has been visiting courtrooms all across Canada and interviewing judges, lawyers, government officials and others engaged in the administration of justice We studied many questions Are citizens forced to wait an unreasonable length of time to get a decision from the courts? Can the average citizen expect to get a fair deal in court? How competent are our judges? Can the person with a moderate income afford his day in court? What are the problems — not usually voiced in public — which bedevil our courts and the men who spend most of their lives in them?

The principal conclusion of the survey is that our courts, in the main well merit their reputation for honesty and impartiality On the other hand our judicial machine has become antiquated undersized and underpowered "Our courts have a teaspoon to do a job that ought to be done with a steam shovel" says an official of a law society in the Toronto district Our courts we discovered are staggering under an unprecedented case load—the result of a doubled population in the past forty years, the advent of the motor car business expansion and the proliferation of laws and statutes to regulate many aspects of our lives This often breeds irritation disillusionment cynicism and disrespect for the law Here are the complaints about the administration of justice which were most frequently voiced

The law's delays are too long and too many In British Columbia, the backlog of cases is so great that it now takes nine months to set the date for a civil trial In Quebec some cases are held up for fifteen months before being heard At least a proportion of the delays are due to a shortage of nonrobed judges and court reporters An Ontario judge told me that it sometimes took the reporter six months after the conclusion of a trial to deliver a transcript of the proceedings The judge couldn't begin to prepare a judgment without it

But even if a case is heard without undue postponement and the transcript prepared promptly the litigants still have no guarantee that they will be given an early decision Many judges at the conclusion of a trial "reserve judgment," i.e. postpone their decision for a few weeks—or even several years When a Maritimes judge died a few years ago he left behind about twenty undecided cases some of which had been heard a full ten years before his death Litigants in Quebec have had to wait three years or more for a judgment An Ontario barrister told me that he had one client who was kept waiting for eight years. Another lawyer in the same province pleaded a straightforward expropriation case before a county court judge Almost eighteen months have passed and he has not yet been given the results of his pleading Yet less than a hundred miles away a much busier county court judge heard six similar expropriation cases and rendered a satisfactory judgment on all of them within six weeks

In the opinion of many competent observers such as J V Clyne formerly of the B C Supreme Court a large number of these delays are not necessary "I don't think most decisions should take more than three months in exceptional cases six months" he says. The exceptional cases might include complicated constitutional matters or "first impressions" — judgments in which new principles of law have to be enunciated In most cases, which are pattern cases — i.e. they conform to previous cases reported in the law journals — there is a widespread feeling that the sooner the judgment is rendered the better "The further a judge gets away from the trial and the more other matters intervene the more elusive the facts and the feel of the case become" says Chief Justice Arthur T Vanderbilt of the Supreme Court of New Jersey

Why do delays occur? Various explanations have been offered Some judges just can't make up their minds says Cecil Wright dean of the University of Toronto Faculty of Law This ambivalence can arise from a lack of knowledge of the law or sometimes from knowing too much law "I've known colleagues who analyzed both sides of the argument with such completeness that they were paralyzed to the point of inactivity" a Quebec judge told me "They used every device to postpone a judgment I've always felt it's better to make quick decisions even though I may be wrong occasionally" Some judges, who are uncertain of themselves delay decisions through fear of being criticized by a higher court for a poor performance

The advanced age of some continued on page 43

All ten of these provincial chief justices were once active in the politicel perties thet eppointed them



CHIEF JUSTICE
SIR ALBERT WALSH
Newfoundland

With Liberal Premier Joey Smallwood he helped guide Newfoundland into Confederation Then Ottawa made him a third justice.



CHIEF JUSTICE
T A CAMPBELL
Prince Edward Island

He had been the Liberal premier of P E I for seven years when Mackenzie King's government made him Supreme Court head



CHIEF JUSTICE
J L ILSLEY
Nova Scotia

Long a member of the King Cabinet he quit the federal field in 1948 A year later Ottawa appointed him to the Supreme Court bench.



CHIEF JUSTICE
J B McNAIR
New Brunswick

Appointed by the St. Laurent Liberal government he was Liberal premier of New Brunswick for twelve years, beginning 1940



CHIEF JUSTICE
ANTONIN GALIPEAULT
Quebec

An active Liberal since 1904 he was elected an M L A six times and won in the cabinet in 1919 Ottawa appointed him in 1950



CHIEF JUSTICE
DANA PORTER
Ontario

One of the two chief justices appointed by the Diefenbaker government he was a member of Ontario's forty assembly for 14 years



CHIEF JUSTICE
J E ADAMSON
Manitoba

His activities have been mainly political but political he was a Liberal candidate once and Liberals made him a chief justice



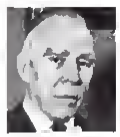
CHIEF JUSTICE
W M MARTIN
Saskatchewan

A Liberal premier for six years and once a Laurier supporter he was made chief justice of the Appeal Court by the Ottawa Liberals



CHIEF JUSTICE
C J FORD
Alberta

Though he has never held political office he once ran as a Liberal and became chief justice six months before St. Laurent's 1957 defeat



CHIEF JUSTICE
A C Des BRISAY
British Columbia

A prominent Tory leader in Vancouver he was never a member of the judiciary until after the Diefenbaker government's election



He stands by himself, says a Tory MP of the new External Affairs chief. Green now 64 walks into the grounds of the Parliament Buildings to begin his onerous day



A strict teetotaler, A C born Green enjoys a cup of tea with his wife in their Ottawa apartment

The lone pine of Parliament Hill

Aloof and unbending, Howard Green was a surprise appointment as Canada's new Minister of External Affairs. Will he create any fresh surprises in the conduct of his difficult and onerous duties?

BY BLAIR FRASER

Photographs by Paul Gellins



Green listens carefully to a briefing from Prime Minister Diefenbaker. They're old personal friends

Veterans of No. 3 Platoon, A Company of the Kootenay Battalion still remember, with a kind of resentful admiration what used to happen to their rum ration in Flanders in 1916.

The battalion saw a lot of action with heavy casualties and the normal practice was to draw the daily tot of rum for every man on each unit's nominal strength. If some had been killed or wounded in the meantime there would be that much more rum for the survivors.

Not in No. 3 Platoon. The rum requisition sent back to the quartermaster was always precise. It stated the number of men actually on strength and in the line at the moment and was signed by the platoon's lieutenant, a tall, thin spectacled earnest competent, conscientious teetotaler named Howard Charles Green.

That was probably not the first time and certainly not the last when Howard Green's unyielding integrity proved a trial to friends and colleagues. In twenty-four years in public life Green has not been known to say anything he didn't believe or do anything he didn't think right. He gets from all parties the respect that such a record of honor deserves. But there have been times when even the most scrupulous of his fellow workers could have wished he was just a little more pliable.

This is part of the answer to a question Canadians have been asking ever since Green became Secretary of State for External Affairs last June 4.

What kind of foreign minister will this introvert Vancouver lawyer make, representing a country that prides itself on being active in world affairs and working for a prime minister who has strong views of his own and a habit of getting those views into effect? After Green's appointment was announced one of his old friends said: "Gromyko may think he has stubborn men to deal with, but he hasn't seen anything yet. Wait until he meets Howard Green."

"Howard is a lone pine," said a Conservative MP who has known and liked Green for twenty years. "He stands by himself and he doesn't bend no matter how hard the wind blows. I suppose at one time or another he has exasperated every Conservative party leader since R. B. Bennett by his refusal to give way an inch."

Whether he includes John Diefenbaker among the exasperated party leaders, the MP didn't say. Probably not. Diefenbaker and Green are old personal friends who were allies in some memorable fights within the Opposition caucus. Also, Green's prickly quality has been much less noticeable since the party came into office. As House leader he has revealed a hitherto unsuspected vein of humor, the kind of easy banter that doesn't lend itself to quotation but does oil the wheels of parliamentary business and take a lot of the bitterness out of debate.

He has not said much as minister to show what his views on foreign policy may be. From various speeches during his twenty-four years in parliament though, it is possible to make a few plausible guesses.

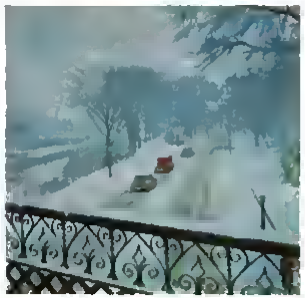
- Canada will show more interest in the problems of the Pacific area. This has been one of Green's recurrent themes ever since 1935 — that Canada is a Pacific as well as an Atlantic power and should remember it more often. There is no indication of any specific change of policy. It is not true, as reported, that Green favors immediate recognition of Communist China; no dramatic reversals are expected, but there will be a shift of focus.
- Canada will be more strongly and more reliably a supporter of British policy. Green has a deep emotional attachment to "the British Empire." Has he continued to call it long after Commonwealth had become fashionable even in Conservative circles?
- Canada will be wary — not hostile to, just wary — of any closer entanglement with the United States. Green has pointed **continued on page 49**



At the heart of the capital, The Driveway skirts Boer War monuments in Major Hill Park, near the Chateau Laurier



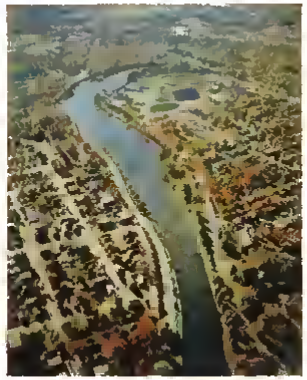
Sunbathers [illegible] Driveway, which takes them with it half a mile of favorite spots on the Rideau River banks.



Near [illegible] exits [illegible] Pretoria Bridge

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Stadacona Lawns





Along this stretch of the Rideau Canal, The Driveway runs on both banks. Strict bylaws protect the scenic route

The Streets of Canada:

THE DRIVEWAY

OTTAWA'S most beautiful thoroughfare—built partly on garbage dumps —leads the motorist lazily through history, flowers and traffic jams

By Peter C. Newman

RELATIVELY FEW of the half million visitors who crowd into Ottawa every year see much of the city beyond the federal buildings. Those who do however discover that the most beautiful sight in the national capital is not the spike-spired Gothic pile of governmental architecture but a pleasant twenty three mile stretch of pavement known as The Driveway.

The Driveway has been built as a Canadian showpiece on top of a series of former municipal garbage dumps, abandoned railbeds and frog ponds by governments dating back to that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It has become a popular Ottawa residential street but The Driveway's main purpose is frankly decorative. The oaks, maples and elms that line its path form a cathedral of foliage that embraces the city's downtown area in a semi-circular aisle of green.

As the only city thoroughfare in Canada under the administration of the federal government — through the National Capital Commission — The Driveway is governed by a set of unique and fanatically anti-commercial bylaws. The street allows no billboards

continued on next page



Where the Rideau joins the Ottawa, The Driveway enters Rockcliffe Park. Its twenty three miles cost $40 million



The Driveway and the historic Rideau Canal — built for defense but now used by pleasure craft — run parallel for miles. This view is from a Chateau Laurier window.



Dancing on the lawn in the Arboretum, teenagers enjoy music from loudspeakers. A federal government body has developed much of the parkland bordering The Driveway

The Driveway's cathedral of foliage supplies tons of ammunition for autumn leaf fights. When winter comes cars loaded with skis and sleighs head for the slopes near Dow's Lake



no telephone poles, no mailboxes, and no business premises. Buses and trucks are banned although milk and bread delivery wagons and other home service vehicles may briefly slip onto The Driveway between midnight and noon, provided they arrive and leave through the exit streets nearest their destination. Garbage collection trucks may not use The Driveway at any time — residents must carry their refuse into back lanes. No street parking is allowed, but a Driveway resident whose daughter is being married may appeal to the federal government for a special permit which will allow a maximum of six cars to be stopped in front of his house for the duration of the reception.

Anyone planning to call on Driveway residents for charitable donations, even in such worthy causes as the Ottawa Community Chest, must first obtain a special license from the federal treasury board. One regulation forbids users of The Driveway "to shout or use any blasphemous or indecent language." Section nineteen of the street's bylaws specifically provides six months in prison for "any person ... driving a carrying a torpedo along The Driveway." It has never been invoked and National Capital Commission lawyers aren't quite sure why it's there. One theory is that it was a safeguard for ships of the Rideau Canal, which for part of its path parallels The Driveway.

Enforcing these and other regulations is a troop of twenty-one RCMP constables, each man the graduate of a special two-week course on how to behave on Driveway patrol. The force hands out about six thousand tickets a year for traffic offenses, mostly to drivers who exceed the street's thirty-five-mph speed limit. While riding herd on The Driveway's motorists last year, the RCMP's eight cars and eight motorcycles covered 316,807 miles — the equivalent of twelve trips around the world. The street's heavy traffic is beginning to force down real estate values, although lots still cost about two hundred dollars per foot of frontage, an unusually high price for an Ottawa residential street. Its residents are mostly successful merchants and senior civil servants, most ambassadors and cabinet ministers live in Rockcliffe.

While the Rockcliffe mansions were being built at the turn of the century, much of The Driveway was still swamp. Sir Wilfrid Laurier ordered construction of the street as the first practical step in his declaration that he would make the capital "a Washington of the north." The Ottawa Improvement Commission he established completed the first portion of The Driveway in 1904. Later administrations extended the work. City garbage was used as fill to cover the swamps. Mackenzie King, who was one of the project's most vocal supporters, once declared that The Driveway and its allied ventures were "something that will give expression of all that is highest in the idealism of the nation." Cost of The Driveway to date has run close to ten million dollars and it's still growing. Two miles have been added since 1945; its ultimate length has been projected at forty-four miles.

The Driveway is best known outside Ottawa as the site of an annual tulip festival. Two hundred thousand people stream onto the street every May to view the flowering of more than a million tulip bulbs, spread among thirty beds. A quarter of the bulbs were donated by Queen Juliana of the Netherlands in appreciation of her wartime exile in Ottawa.

The royal gift inspired Edward Wood, the chief landscape architect of the National Capital Commission, to evolve a unique system of flowing mass displays. Instead of flower beds shaped like crescents, circles or stars, Wood has designed plots holding up to a hundred thousand bulbs. **continued on page 48**



Are you the VICTIM of your own ambitions?

Tired of the daily rat race?

Unable to compete with the go-getters?

You're probably suffering from a "supermen urge."

Here's how to get rid of it — and achieve peace of mind

BY DR. GEORGE S. STEVENSON AND HARRY MILT



Dr Stevenson is consultant to the U S National Association for Mental Health and a widely read author in his field

A group of lawyers gathered to hear an address by an outstanding expert on a certain constitutional question. The expert opened his talk with this remark: "It gives me pleasure to discuss this subject. I happen to know more about it than anyone else in the country."

One of the lawyers turned to a friend and whispered: "That fellow must feel pretty insecure."

And this lawyer was correct. The urge to convince yourself and others of your exceptional superiority — the superman urge — arises out of a basic insecurity.

This urge is generally born in childhood, when a great deal of your life energy is devoted to winning love, acceptance and recognition. If these needs are not satisfied normally, you develop special strategies to fulfill them. Then you continue to use these stratagems even after the need for them no longer exists. The striving for exceptional superiority — the superman urge — is one of these special strategies. When you say to the world: "Look at how smart, or rich, or important I am," you are really saying: "I want you to give me recognition, to respect me."

The compelling need to excel may also be created by competition. Competition is not harmful to everyone. There are people who revel in uncertainty and excitement and who get a thrill from coming out on top. These are the people who keep the world moving forward in business, science, education and art. But there are millions who don't have this kind of temperament. They can't stand the uncertainty and bruises of competition, and they need the security of a steady, safe existence. But the pace is set by the competitive go-getters, and the others feel compelled to keep up with it.

Once they enter the competitive whirl, they find there's no getting out of it, and soon their behavior is no different from that of the person who gets his superman urge from an internal feeling of insecurity.

Such was the fate of one family, who had lived a quiet, comfortable life in the city. The husband was happy with his job as a radio announcer, and his wife had been contented with housekeeping and taking care of their three children. Then the husband accepted a job as a television producer. They **continued on page 30**



DOROTHY SANGSTER EXAMINES

The tragedy of the fat child

Is it wise to insist that your child clean up his plate?

You may be condemning him to the humiliation and loneliness of obesity.

He may be hungering not for food but for love, security or approval

Everybody says the legend lives: a fat man. But nobody — not even his loving parents — pretends to admire a fat child for his growing girth. His playmates tease him about it — then easily outrun him when he needs a sprinter. The ball team doesn't want him and his physical education teacher is often unsure whether to press him into activities that are hard for him or leave him standing helplessly at the sidelines.

And mild-mannedly even many doctors unpatiently dismissed his problem with a much too simple diagnosis: He eats too much and exercises too little.

Thus his many fat child's mental suffering succeeded his physical discomfort, leaving him with psychological scars he may carry the rest of his life and making his problem one of the least understood tragedies of our time.

Today the medical part of that picture has changed. Doctors have found that what they used to call "simple obesity" is anything but simple, but in attempting to find the true causes of overweight in children they have often left the worried parents more confused than ever. Some medical men emphasize the importance of body metabolism; others the psychological factors. Many explain that overeating is often not a cause, but a symptom; diet alone is not the cure, and exercise is often impractical.

Some doctors even lay such stress on the emotional effects of any cure that they tell parents in effect: "Your child's emotional well-being is more important than his weight. Don't nag him about his eating. Let him stay fat."

These seemingly contradictory opinions are perhaps made more understandable by the pediatrician who said recently: "There are as many kinds of obesity as there are fat children, and all of them are different."

Most fat children, however, *can* be classified in one of several general groups.

Some are fat because they come from a family of fat people, and inherited their tendency to overeat.

Some children are fat because they have psychological problems of one kind or another which make them turn to food as solace. Dr. Edward T. Wilkes, an Ameri **continued on page 35**



"BOB" MIX

"When I galloped to school on my horse Tony I was as tough as rawhide."

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR TV HEROES

I remember when cowboys shot straighter, racing-car drivers drove faster and ball players hit home runs at least a mile. They just don't make men today like

the heroes of my boyhood



"BOB" FAIRBANKS "Often I disappeared into the South Seas on swashbuckling adventures. I always came back with one million dollars in gold.



"BOB" RUTH

"They were always amazed that a boy my size could knock the ball right out of the field."



"BOB" BISHOP

I could smell the hot leather and oil as I got between my fist and the sun. Coldly relentlessly I'd get him in my sights.



"BOB" HANLAN "As an oarsman I was the World's Greatest Champion."



"BOB" MORENZ

"On the ice I attained the speed of the Toronto-Montreal Express. I could drive a puck through a plank.



"BOB" DEMPSEY

"Strong men quailed when I raised my fists. One punch was all I ever needed."

SOME BIG CHANGES have taken place in this world since I was a boy. For one thing, heroes aren't what they used to be. There's nobody today like Jimmy McLarnin, Tom Longboat, Ned Hanlan, Babe Ruth, Lionel Conacher, Red Grange, Billy Bishop, Hoot Gibson or even Bung Anderson, who was perhaps the greatest football player the world has ever known, or would have been if the teachers at my school hadn't pinned on him because he didn't do his homework.

Heroes used to be bigger, faster and more superhuman. It was common knowledge among boys that Howie Morenz attained the same speed as the Montreal-Toronto Express and he could drive a puck right through a plank or an opponent, except that he was always warned to pull his shots to avoid manslaughter. Heroes *had* to be better when I was a boy because they faced greater odds. Marathon swimmers had to fight higher waves and run into more sharks. Speed demons needed more stamina. You can talk all you like about today's racing cars averaging a hundred and seventy miles an hour, but it doesn't affect a man the way racing did when Barney Oldfield went forty miles an hour. It was probably something about those dirt tracks, but drivers had to be blind out of their cars after a grueling race, and their legs had to be straightened out by mechanics sitting on them. Every kid knew this. It was the kind of thing that made heroes. Often, lying in bed, I used to picture myself being lifted out of my car and somebody sitting on my legs to straighten them.

"What are they doing?" people would ask. "They're straightening out Bob Allen. He's been doing forty for fifty laps. He just won't quit, that boy."

I often used to do this in a car I'd built myself out of soap boxes, which operated on a magic principle that adults had been too busy to discover. It used to amaze them as I passed them like a cannon ball — goggled, leaning over the side, priming the engine with a pump, covered with dust and **continued on page 33**



The lucky ones got to the lifeboats when the German torpedo struck. An artist's drawing at the day depicts the ship moments before she went down.



The author today, on a visit to Canada.

I survived the sinking of the Lusitania

"The ship cannot sink!" the captain yelled.

And many who believed him were among the 1,198 who lost their lives.

The last man to be rescued recalls

the infamous torpedoing that helped to bring the U S into World War I

BY SIR HAROLD BOULTON

"It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor Maclean's Magazine 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

I sailed on the Lusitania from New York on her last voyage on May 1 1915 for England.

For several days before that New York newspapers carried an advertisement by the German embassy in Washington warning Americans that if they sailed into the war zone around the British Isles on ships belonging to Britain or any of her allies they would do so at their own risk. This warning was to prove all too real. Of the 1 959 souls who sailed 1 198 perished including one hundred and twenty four Americans.

Although the Germans were to gloat over the sinking shortly afterward — even striking a medal to commemorate the extraordinary success of the submarine that fired the fatal torpedo — most historians now regard the attack as a major blunder of strategy on the part of the Germans. For as one author said it aroused Americans as they had not been aroused since Paul Revere. Overnight Americans who had been mostly isolationist began speaking angrily of the inevitability of their country entering the war against Germany. The sinking of the British-owned Cunard liner was still fresh in the minds of an angry American public when their nation declared war two years later.

At the time we were due to sail I heard that a number of prominent Americans had cancelled their passage at the last moment because of the German embassy's warning. My friends with whom I had been staying in America begged me to do the same and to take a neutral ship that would not run any risk of being torpedoed. Being a young man in those days I felt far more adventurous and was sure that the Lusitania would be met by the British navy and protected as it drew into the danger zone. I accordingly decided to sail being anxious to get to England as soon as possible. I had been in the British army before the war and had been discharged for medical reasons. Now I was leaving my business affairs in the U S in hope of re-enlisting.

Just outside New York harbor, we passed a British cruiser and later on a French battleship. There was a feeling of security in knowing that the Allied neighbors were looking after us.

On the first day out of New York I ran into a friend of mine a Captain Lasseter whom I had met at Oxford. He had been over in the States on leave and was returning to his regiment in France. His mother was traveling to England with him.

Except for a certain amount of tension on board the trip was uneventful until Friday, May 7. That morning the foghorn awakened me at 8:30. I got up and dressed and had breakfast. We were nearing the danger zone and people who had been too nervous to go to bed in their cabins were now picking up rugs and pillows with which they had made temporary beds in various lounges. Many had slept in their clothes.

Strolling out on deck I noticed there were two men on lookout in the crow's nest where there was usually only one. I also saw two extra lookouts at the bow.



American passengers waved the Stars and Stripes as the Lusitania left New York. The British-owned luxury liner also carried Englishmen going home to join the armed forces.

Just before luncheon I asked the purser for the money I had given him for safe keeping. I had about two hundred dollars, which he changed for me into forty-two pounds English currency. I went to my cabin and put twenty pounds in my jewel box which I locked in my trunk, and placed the other five pound notes and the two sovereigns in my pocket. I thought it safer to divide the money in this way in case of loss or theft.

After lunch I went into the Palm Lounge. While I was having coffee and a cigarette I saw a man to whom I had been introduced. He was a British Secret Service agent and had been to America on some important mission.

As we walked out on deck together I asked him what danger he thought there was of our being torpedoed.

"The Germans would not dare torpedo us and if they did try it would be next to impossible," he said. He explained that anyone who is used to the sea can see the periscope of a submarine at least two miles away, and before launching the torpedo the submarine would have to have the periscope above water.

Just then there were two terrific almost simultaneous explosions on the starboard side. The noise was deafening and the whole ship seemed to be lifted up. In a few seconds a huge quantity of dirty water and wreckage came crashing down on the deck where we stood. I rushed inside the Palm Lounge to avoid being struck. My confident friend was following me. I never saw him again and he must have drowned.

Immediately the ship listed to starboard. I could hear the screams of the second-class passengers below. There was confusion everywhere. I rushed below and knocked on the door where I asseter and his mother had a cabin immediately opposite mine. There was no reply. I turned the handle and peered in. It was dark. I tried to turn on the light but the electricity was off. Their cabin was empty. I crawled to my cabin on continued on page 38



ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTICE!

TRAVELLERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

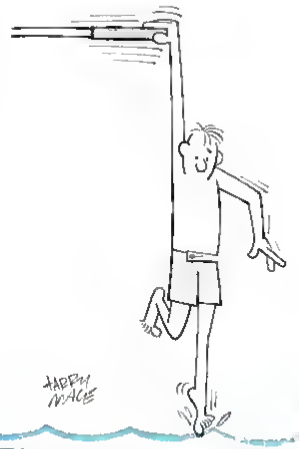
IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 22, 1915.

This ad frightened some Americans, who cancelled passage. 159 others sailed and 124 of them died.



An American victim being carried from the dock in Queenstown, Ireland, where rescue craft put in. Dozens were buried nearby in mass graves. The author, who was in the sea for 4½ hours, stayed here for several days.



I'm always glad to help

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

I always get a warm glow of satisfaction when I receive a note from a friend to whom I've recommended an ideal vacation spot

Dear Parke

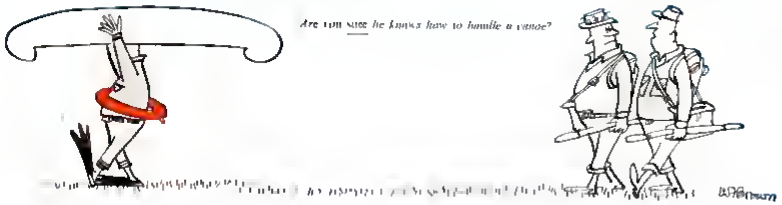
Thanks a million for tipping us off to Fineview Manor and we sure appreciate it tremendously Apparently there's a new cook since you were there However the food is edible everything considered As for mosquitoes I guess they only come with a south wind—which we've had

I sure agree with what you said about the tennis courts I mean they should be wondeeful if they get around to putting them in shape And as you told us the swimming is wonderfully invigorating and Peggy was keenly disappointed that she had to cut a large gash in her foot on a broken beer bottle

Once again a million thanks for recommending Fineview We stayed there two days and then moved over here to Birch Glen It's nitely nitely charming

Appreciatively
Fred

Sweet & sour — *a salty salute to the silly season*



Are you sure he knows how to handle a canoe?



"It's good looking."



Martha, it's the Brown

KODACHROME TRANSPARENCY

PROCESSED BY Kodak

This is a Kodak color slide. Only two inches square yet it gives you a picture four feet wide on your screen!



Relive your trip big-as-life...with Kodak color slides!

The most exciting souvenirs of all are yours for the taking! . . . yours to bring back and show!

Bring faraway places home with you in the biggest, brightest pictures of all. Brilliant color shots that cover half a wall! Dazzling shots that take you back to the people you've met, back to the sights you've seen. You'll have years of pleasure with 35mm Kodak color slides. Start now for as little as $29.95—easy as 1-2-3.



1 *They're easy as pie* with the Kodak Pony II Camera. Pre-set shutter, easy zone focusing. Fast f/3.9 lens gets great color slides and Kodacolor snapshots. Ask your dealer about trading your old camera $29.95



2 *Get all the color* with world-famous Kodak chrome Film. Kodachrome Film purchased in Canada includes its price processing by Kodak laboratories throughout the world. Mailing bag comes with the film.



3 *Show your fun big* . . . and Bright . . . with the Kodak 300 Projector. It's compact, easy to operate. With Readymatic Changer $74.50. With Automatic Magazine Changer $84.50. (Other Kodak projectors to $253.50.)

Many dealers offer convenient terms. Prices are subject to change without notice.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" on CBC-TV Network

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 15, Ontario

Kodak (CANADA) LIMITED

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET



THE NUN'S STORY: Audrey Hepburn gives the finest performance of her career in this beautiful film based on the book by Kathryn Hulme & dramatizes—but never falsifies—the efforts of a strong-willed young Belgian girl to adapt completely the selfless way of life adopted by a Catholic order of cloistered nuns. Appearing with Miss Hepburn is Peter Finch as an agnostic surgeon who works with the new nun at a hospital in the Congo. The excellent cast also includes Dame Edith Evans as a wise old nun & Colin Maitland Superior. This picture freshly establishes Fred Zinnemann of **High Noon** and **From Here to Eternity** as one of the most adroit and sensitive directors in the profession.

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK: The tragic but occasionally hilarious true story of eight Jews who hid in an Amsterdam attic for two years before the Nazi savagery drove them off to concentration camps. This film, for all its power and humanity, is too long and moves too slowly toward its inescapable ending, but it remains a prime contender for one of movie Academy Awards. In George Stevens' cast are Joseph Schildkraut, Shelley Winters, Ed Wynn and newcomer Millie Perkins as the little role teenager.

HERCULES: This mythological superman is portrayed by brawny Steve Reeves in this Italian-made extravaganza. I'm sure it's not supposed to be, limpy bill connoisseurs of the absurd are likely to consider it a collector's item.

THE HORSE SOLDIERS: A worthy but entertaining Civil War adventure directed by the nimble-minded John Ford, a seasoned interpreter of American navalry men in all their rough-and-tumble glory. With John Wayne, William Holden, Constance Towers—and a bit part by Hoot Gibson, a western star of yesteryear. An attractive musical score is a further asset.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL: Famed professional surgery by Ray Fanatic of freedom fighter by night. Hollywood's James Cagney is in good form in this British drama about the 1921 Irish rebellion against British rule. The schism of melodramatics, bulging in the story diminishes its impact but fail to despoil it as a worthy spectacle. With Don Murray, Dana Wynter, Glynis Johns, Michael Redgrave.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY: Walt Disney's latest, costliest feature-length cartoon. It probably will make millions in dollars, pounds, marks and other currencies, but there is a dismaying amount of horror-bigness in this inflated version of the fairy tale.

GRUMBOLD'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Al Capone. Biography. Good.
The Angry Hills. War drama. Fair.
Ask Any Girl. Comedy. Poor.
Behind the Mask. Hospital drama. Fair.
The Capsule. Thriller. Fair.
Carlton-Browne of the F.O. Political comedy. Good.
Carry On, Admiral. Comedy. Good.
Compulsion. Murder drama. Good.
Count Your Blessings. Comedy. Fair.
Danger Within. War prison drama. Good.
The Defiant Ones. Drama. Superb.
The Doctor's Dilemma. Adaptation of Shaw play. Poor.
The 8 Greatest Gangsters. Good.
Gigi. Musical. Excellent.
Green Mansions. Tarzan's drama. Fair.
A Hole in the Head. Comedy. Good.
The Horse's Mouth. Comedy. Good.
House of the Arrow. Sherlock Holmes. Fair.
Idle on Parade. Army farce. Fair.
I Only Asked. Adult farce. Fair.
It Happened in Rome. Comedy. Good.
I Want to Live. Death-cell drama. Good.
I Was Monty's Double. True-life hoax thriller. Good.
Last Train From Gun Hill. Suspense western. Good.
Shamelle Plastic. Comedy. Poor.
Man in the Net. Mystery. Poor.
Middle of the Night. Drama. Fair.
Murder by Contract. Suspense. Good.
My World Has Screamings. Drama. Poor.
Naked Night. Hospital drama. Poor.
Passionate Summer. Drama. Poor.
Pork Chop Hill. War drama. Good.
Room at the Top. Adult drama. Brilliant. Excellent.
Sea Fury. Navy drama. Fair.
Separate Tables. Drama. Good.
Some Like It Hot. Comedy. Fair.
The Square Peg. Spy comedy. Fair.
The 39 Steps. Comedy thriller. Good.
This Earth Is Mine. Drama. Fair.
Thunder in the Sun. Western. Fair.
Three Bad Sergeants. Drama. Good.
Too Many Crooks. Comedy. Good.
Trouble Shooter. Drama. Poor.
Virgin Island. Romance-comedy. Fair.
Warlock. Western. Good.
Warrel. Jungle adventure. Fair.
Westbound. Western. Good.
Woman Obsessed. Farm drama. Poor.
The Young Philadelphians. Drama. Good.

Are you a victim of your own ambitions?

Continued from page 22

moved to a suburb populated mostly by ambitious and literary people. Soon they were striving hard to keep up with their new friends. The wife particularly began wanting to remodel their home, give lavish parties and send the children to expensive private schools. Then she decided her husband wasn't as charming, brilliant or important as some of the other men friends of a year they were divorced. Now she is married to her third husband and is still unhappy and discontented — still driven by the overpowering urge to have the best and the most.

The superman drive doesn't stop with the desire to excel in just one thing. It spreads out into a yearning for superiority in everything. This may work well in helping you develop your special abilities, but it can only bring frustration when you try to develop abilities you don't have. Then you become angry with yourself and bitter against those who do better than you. But these feelings don't stop you. They only act as a goad to make you try even harder.

So life becomes a endless, tension-filled round of striving — sometimes trapped by success, but as often by disappointment and failure. Even success in one thing brings no real satisfaction, because it is only a partial victory. The joy of successful achievement is destroyed by your concern over your shortcomings.

If you are caught in the web spun by your own superman urge and want to get out of it you can.

First it is necessary for you to recognize that at the bottom of your difficulty may be an inability to accept yourself the way you honestly are, and a superhuman perfectionist but an ordinary human being with faults and weaknesses and shortcomings as well as strengths, special abilities and talents.

Second, you need to recognize that you don't have to be perfect in everything that no one expects this of you but it is you and nobody else who is setting up impossible, superhuman goals.

Third, be aware of the fact that while superiority may bring you temporary popularity it will not bring you the affection and acceptance you crave.

Look around you and see who it is that is most liked — not most envied but most liked. You'll find it is not the most important person but rather the most outgoing — the person who shows interest in others rather than in himself. This type of person is not pushing and striving, challenging others and leading them, making them feel inferior and insignificant. He accepts other people with their faults and weaknesses and they accept him in the same way.

You may not be able to make yourself over into this kind of person. But you can take steps to find greater satisfaction with yourself and to win greater peace of mind. This may mean shifting down on your ambitions and giving up your pursuit of glory. But the peace and contentment this will bring you will certainly make the change worth while.

First it will be necessary for you to make a realistic evaluation of your capabilities then to select those things which you do best and which mean most to you, then to concentrate on just those things and let the others go.

Start by making a list of all your different activities including your work, hobbies, organizational activities and other spare-time pursuits. Next mark each activity No. 1, 2 or 3 according to whether you do it very well, only fairly well or not well at all.

When you've checked your own list you'll probably find three, or four things in which you excel and in all likelihood they'll be the things you enjoy doing. These are your strong points. From now on they should be your main points of concentration. Work on them and give them the best you've got. Put the emphasis on getting greater enjoyment and better practical returns out of the activity and on using it to make an impression.

Next look over the No. 2 items and scratch off those you don't have to do and don't gain much for. Decide to do these on a task-at-a-time basis and determine to give the other No. 2 items a little extra effort — but not as much as you put into your No. 1 items.

Next name the No. 3 items — the things you don't do well at all. Select those items which you have to do because of a duty or obligation and plan to continue doing them as well as you can, keeping in mind the fact that you don't do them well and that you don't need to feel crushed or disappointed because you don't. Then go to those No. 3 items which you don't have to do and scratch them off your list. If for example you've been serving as Boy Scout leader only to impress your friends and neighbors, and you neither like it nor do it well let it go. This will make everybody happy — the children, the Scout organization and yourself. If your friends kid you about it let them. They'll stop it when they realize you've made an honest and serious decision.

Examine special problems

As you work out your priorities, write down your reasons and keep these with your list as a reminder of your plans. It would also be a good idea to discuss these with your wife or husband and with your older children. Explain your reasons and if possible get them involved in your new plan. Ask them to help you stick to it. Explain that it will give you greater contentment, relieve your tensions and make you an easier person to live with.

After you've gained your new system on the way you'll want to take a closer look to see if there are any special problems which need extra attention.

One place to look for the damaging influences of the superman urge is on your job. Here it may take the form of "having to know all the answers." No matter what problem is being discussed you feel compelled to come up with the answer. This puts a triple strain on you. First it keeps you constantly on edge trying to be an expert on everything. Second it keeps you worried that your answer may be the wrong one. Third it gets you into trouble with your fellow employees who resent your butting into their business.

If you suffer from a compulsive urge to know and to give all the answers try the following plan. At the next office conference (some that most people keep silent a good deal of the time and speak up only in their own specialty). They know they're expected to know only their own job and to be responsible only for



"If any stranger would know the Canadian mind, let him look first at the land of Canada. The land, more than anything else, has shaped the mind. We are too young to be fully shaped by history, too remote from one another to be shaped by any abstract theory. But we build the land quickly, its beauty illimitable distance, and building shapes us.

"Our eyes see and our racial mind remembers the mountains, the plains, the forests, the lakes, the rivers, and the seacoast. Our ears are tuned to the sounds of the land, to trees under the wind, gram whispering in summer dawn, the song of birds, the nightmare boom of frogs, the boom of insects, the clunk of axe, and the crunch of footsteps in the snow. We remember the sound of water as it moves across the land, the brook's gurgle and the river's deeper voice in the darkness, the lap of waves on the island beach, the pound of surf on the sea rocks, the shout in the screaming hole.

"These things enter through the eye and ear, but within the racial mind they are distilled and transported beyond the measurement of knowledge."

(from 'CANADA TOMORROW'S GIANT'
by Bruce Hutchison
Longmans, Green & Company)

In the vast reaches of the Prairies and in cities and towns throughout the length and breadth of Canada, The Toronto-Dominion Bank has for more than 100 years worked with Canadians in helping bring Canada to its destiny of greatness. We have learned in serving more and more of these people whose confidence in their country is making Canada "Tomorrow's Giant."

$7,000 IN PRIZES! ENTER OUR CANADA IN PICTURES CONTEST
SEE NEXT PAGE

THE
TORONTO-DOMINION
BANK

THE BANK THAT LOOKS AHEAD



CAHADIAN
AMATEUR
PHOTOGRAPHERS!

THE BANK

invites all CANADIAN

AMATEUR
PHOTOGRAPHERS

to enter its

"CANADA
IN PICTURES"
CONTEST

and share in more than

$7,000 *in Prizes*

The advertisement which appears on the preceding pages is one of a series depicting the Face of Canada as described in the words of Bruce Hutchison. We invite you to submit your photographic interpretation in colour of the passages used in any of these advertisements. Entry forms and Contest Rules are available from your nearest branch of The Toronto Dominion Bank.

THE
TORONTO-DOMINION
BANK

THE BANK THAT LOOKS AHEAD

that. When it comes to another subject, they expect the other fellow to be able to speak up for himself.

Then resolve that at the next conference you're going to say absolutely nothing at all unless you're called on directly. This is going to be difficult. But make yourself be silent no matter how great the temptation. Next meeting, speak up just two or three times, and limit yourself to that. The restraint will probably make you tense. But after a few meetings you'll find the tension wearing off, and you'll find you can learn from listening to other people.

Another hint which the salesman might take on the job is this. Atlas completes which gives you the idea that you have the responsibility for the performance of your whole department at first. This implies generally efforts out in a dynamic, attitude toward management and the belief that you could run the unit very much better than they. You may even find yourself wanting to quit because you're disturbed with the way things are being run at the shop.

If you suffer from this Atlas complex put on a pair of mental blinders that will keep your attention located on your immediate job. Concentrate on that job for the satisfaction and all knowing that if things go well with your department or firm you have had a hand in it. If things go wrong it won't be through your failure to do your job.

The underlying problem with people who have the Atlas complex is that they can't accept their role. Such was the case of a young man who was the only editor in a U.S. newspaper until he was called up in service in the Korean War. When he returned he found the paper needed new management and he was offered a job as city editor on a small daily. After trying it out for a month the job as city editor no longer existed. He was now a cub reporter on the same paper. Now he was just another member of a large staff.

Instead of adjusting to the situation he kicked like a bronco. At every opportunity he tried to impress his other writers with the fact that he had been a city editor and he never hesitated to tell his boss how to run the department. His boss took this for about three months, then told him either to find another job or to pitch in and do his work without indulging in unwanted quarterbacking.

Fortunately the young man was mature enough to realize he'd been flapping out of his role. He buckled down to work while keeping an eye open for a news paper job. But it meant that he'd to make the change. A year later the firm set up a new department to handle trade papers and house magazines and the former city editor was packed to head this department.

Another place to look for special problems could be the supervisory level in your performance as a parent. Many parents think they have to be perfect and if a problem arises that they don't know how to handle or if the child gets into some difficulty the parents think they themselves are failures.

Remember that while you have special responsibilities as a parent you can't be expected to be perfect. No matter how hard you try things may not work out in every instance. You make mistakes because you're human. Besides, your child comes under the influence of many other people — friends, teachers and other adults — and you can't control everything that happens to him. Just make sure you're doing your best then let it go at that.

The same principle applies to your relations with your wife or husband. You may be a good companion an excellent provider or home maker a fairly satisfactory lover and just average in physical make-up. If you use experience in these qualities so much the better. But if you am not remember no one is expecting you to be — it is only you who are expecting this of yourself.

The most married people can expect is that each will live up to the other's reasonable expectations. If your wife nuisances him by not keeping a clean house or cooking meals that you enjoy, you almost certainly have a reasonable expectation that you both discuss your problems and if necessary get some advice.

One couple went to marriage counselling just a few months after they were married. He had gotten the idea that unless he made frequent sexual advances



to his wife she would not consider him manly. So his wife advances with great frequency. His wife on the other hand thought his persistent wooing showed a lack of consideration and tried to be cooperative but could not keep up with his demands. During the discussion with the counsellor they discovered they would both be happier with less frequent intimacy and were glad to learn that they did not have to set grandiose goals to keep each other's love.

Your superman urge may affect your family in other ways — not by the triumph you show to your children or by the way you urge them to excel. You may say and even feel that you are not anxious about whether your children excel or not. But if underneath you really are anxious your children will sense this no matter how strongly you deny it.

In a high-school survey students were asked to list the things they liked and disliked about their parents. A frequent complaint was: "My parents expect too much of me." One girl added: "I admire my father very much. He works very hard to give us everything we need. But he is not happy. He works so hard he doesn't give himself a chance for any fun. He is never satisfied with himself and I don't think he's satisfied with us either. If we don't bring home perfect report cards he is very disappointed. He never scolds us openly but he gets moody and sulks and passes sarcastic remarks."

Last year I ran for president of my class and lost. Instead of letting the matter drop so I could get over my disappointment he made me sit down and analyze why I lost so I could be sure to win next time. I really don't want to be president or be the best student in the class. I already get good marks and I would rather just be one of the bunch and get fun out of school.

I don't mean to be disrespectful but I am angry with my father for pushing me and my brothers, only I don't argue with him. It would make him feel bad because he loves us.

If you're been trying to force your child into a certain mold remember he has the right and the need to develop in his own way and do the things that will make him most happy. Certainly you will want to do what you can to keep him from getting into trouble but don't make very many mistakes. But do not consider it a mistake if he doesn't want to go into the profession you have chosen for him.

Give him guidance? Yes. Give him encouragement? Yes. But don't let him make up his own mind. He has his own life to live and it is up to him to decide how he wants to live just as you had to make the decision about how to live your life.

It may gall you that your son wants to study philosophy or music or become a storekeeper or mechanic instead of becoming a physician lawyer or engineer. But if that is what he wants to do, he has a right to do it. It may not do very much for your prestige or reputation. But then ask yourself which is more important to you: his happiness, or your prestige? It is not your child's function to enhance your standing. It is his function to build a useful and happy life to serve society and his family in the ways that he finds most consistent with his abilities and his interests.

If you tend to inflict your aspirations on your children you very likely do this to your wife or husband too. If your wife doesn't happen to like golfing or bridge that's her privilege. She may be more interested in reading or music. Stop picking on her for being a poor sport because she won't learn the things you'd like her to. Encourage and help her to do and enjoy the things she likes to do. If your husband prefers to stay home and work with his hands instead of getting involved in local politics don't pick on him for not having leadership ambitions. Encourage and help him to get enjoyment out of the things he likes to do.

Stop looking for weak points. Start looking for strong points and help the other members of your family develop them as you are working to develop your own. Give them encouragement. Show them approval. Let them feel you like them for themselves even with their shortcomings and weaknesses. Help them eliminate these weaknesses with kindness and guidance, not with scolding and criticism.

Remember and I stress this once more — that your wife child or husband is not an extension of yourself. You are part of each other in your love for each other and in the things that bind you together as a family. But keep it in mind that no matter how close you are each one of you retains his own individuality with the right and the need to grow and develop according to his own abilities and in line with his own interests. This will be much easier to accept and understand as you work to overcome your own superman urge and no longer find the need to express it through other members of your family. ★

This is an excerpt from Master Your Emotions as told to Earl L. Vance Again to be published later this summer by Prentice Hall



The heroes of my boyhood continued from page 25

"McLarnin was the greatest fighter, and a Canadian — which made him the greatest everything"

headed for the horizon in a golden cloud of splendor trying not to laugh at every one's surprise. When I skidded to a stop other racing drivers would look over my car shaking their heads in wonder.

"How old are you?" they'd ask.

"Eight," I'd say, taking off my gauntlets.

They'd look at one another in amazement thinking, what will he be like before he dies of old age at twenty-five?

Dreaming ourselves into heroes was part of living among us kids. I could run like Tom Longboat and frequently did along Danforth Avenue on the way to Riverdale Library, passing people like pests until I was down in Riverdale Flats, where I became Lionel Conacher or Red Grange or a combination of both and Bob Allen swivel hipping my way up the football field to the roar of fifty thousand fans. I used to listen into Tom Mix on my way to school. In my house Tony to the hitching rail when I parked my bike and walk into the classroom looking for the hotel dining room where I didn't could wash down the dust of the desert with a cup of coffee and stoke up on some bacon and eggs and fried potatoes. I'd hook the high heels of my cowboy boots around the feet of my desk and look my teacher in the eye. He was a big man with a long sloping stomach and wavy black hair, named Mr. Virgin. You could tell he was serious about me. My saddle-pinkind body was as tough as raw hide. Finally he'd make some remark like: "If Mr. Allen feels that he can spare us five minutes of his attention," and I'd whistle for Tony, get him to do some of the addition and subtraction on the blackboard, tapping out the answers with his hooves to the delight of my classmates, whom I'd let touch my saddle. Then I'd ride off and a few people would see the strange sight of Tom Mix riding out of a school on his horse Tony and looking just like me.

A lot of our heroes we found in books — Tin Owens of Thin Lizzy D. Hopalong Cassidy, Riders of the Purple Sage, Tarzan of the Apes, a strange wild man fighting for survival in a fin-off jungle world, slowly bending gorillas heads with his hammerlock until they grunted in gorilla language "Tarzan win".

A steady source of heroes was the Saturday matinee where we used to line up our faces bundled in scarves and our frosty breaths rising like plumes shouting noisily into our mothers faces about last week's show. Maybe the last episode would have ended with a girl hanging from a runaway locomotive and a tiger that had escaped from a circus creeping toward her licking his chops and an Indian riding alongside the car getting ready to shoot her and the hero trying to get his hands untied in a mere fifty miles away and the film would suddenly end with SEE NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE. Next week's episode would open at some rich man's house with everyone playing tennis and talking about a trip to Africa but we didn't mind.

We used to see Unnas, the Last of the Mohicans, who walked with his toes pointed straight ahead instead of turned out like a white man's. We'd practice this on the way to school turning back every now and then to look at our footprints in the snow to make sure they were straight. I still catch myself trying to walk like Unnas now and then.

One of our greatest heroes was Reginald Denny, who played Kid Roberts in a series called The Leather Pushers. Kid Roberts was the greatest fighter in the world. Jack Dempsey was also the greatest fighter in the world and Jimmy McLarnin was not only the greatest fighter in the world but a Canadian which made him just about the greatest everything in the world. But this didn't stop Kid Roberts being the greatest fighter in the world. He defended his title every Saturday matinee and his opponents were all terrible aged, hairy, unprincipled and sneering and sat there looking across the ring and laughing them whole bodies jiggling with mirth which made it all the better when Kid Roberts knocked them

What makes Labatt's Pilsener Lager Beer so refreshingly different?



It's that Pilsen flavour!

...created by European master brewers in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, the birthplace of lager beer, and re-created in Canada by Labatt's from the original Pilsen recipe using yeast flown from Europe. Labatt's Pilsener ...the only Canadian lager that gives you both lightness and flavour . . . so refreshingly different

Anytime's a good time with

Labatt's PILSENER LAGER BEER

MONTREAL • TORONTO • LONDON • WINNIPEG • VANCOUVER • VICTORIA

Gilbey's Gin

70proof

out of the ring and then experiment changed in mid-air from amusement to thoughtful surprise. One of the most memorable afternoons in my life was the episode of the Timber Pushers when Kid Roberts got behind. The producers evidently decided to wrap up the series and with it my idols. The kids had of becoming pure fighters and they did a good job of it. Kid Roberts was dragged, pummelled, caught, lush on the mouth coming in to clinches and coming out of them. All knocked down about twenty seven times. The kids mobbed him between it. I still can't quite believe it might forty years.

One of the most spellbinding of our times was Douglas Fairbanks. I used to read until him when I got into trouble. I hoped and I'd disappear into his South Seas lagoons and swim back laughing, and swashbuckling. I tried hard keep my head a knife in my gleaming, teeth gold trimmings and enough gold from sunken treasure to buy my father a. I'd see him on the docks, standing there with his hat on at a slant, him still look as puzzled but not without admiration. He'd call up to me. "When the Sam Hill have you been?

"Around the world." I'd say, leaping to the railing and leaning out. I'd have had

Is that so?" he'd say. "How did you get enough money?"

I just happen to have a million dollars in gold that's all." I'd call to him.

Look at him," my whole class who somehow were there on the docks with my father would say. I'd climb down a rope with one hand and a scimitar still in my other. I would say knife in the air straight at my teeth and landed neatly in front of my mother and said. "Hello Mom."

Other times I'd become Corporal Allen of the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. I would speak in a white wilderness hunting game tracking, semaphored to my self-during. I upset light into the northern lights. They didn't get away from Corporal Allen. A people used to say. He'll follow you right to hell — and sometimes I've would did. And luck again. A few times I'd be standing outside the pathetic small buildings of nose feet spread hands gripped loosely behind my back smiling. Clean pink cheeked slender polish and all this and my father would come up and ask on all I got my homework done and I'd say. "Pretty hard to do in the north at seventy five below and a dog sled." Several minutes thinking around me would thinking with appreciation.

There were heroic possibilities in just about everything. If I runs across a tin can on the way home from school I'd become the Champion Tin-Can Kicker of the World. Then all of these people who for some reason had to get somebody to kick a tin can. It was a matter of life and death. But nobody could be depended on to kick it far enough. Then somebody in the crowd would say. "Why don't they just Bob Allen to kick the tin can for us. Bob's the Champion Tin Can Kicker of the World." And I'd run up to it in my top speed and — to spread like sergeant's wings of a little thousand people held their breaths.

If I picked up a stick and started to bat one tennis with it, a manager would start signaling. If his battlefield to get back was way back. If it signal frantically while I—loud then a compound. I slight wrist on my bat and I'd just look and let him go and see that the little bigger of my right hand was locked inside the index finger of my left hand which I'd explain to Babe Ruth after the game when he came up and asked me how a boy my size could nearly always knock a ball right out of the field.

I used to go up to Dufferin Street oil field where an abandoned Cadillac Rolls sat in a corner of the field half-buried in grass and I'd sit there in the cockpit amid the smell of hot leather and oil operating the controls and pinning into Captain Billy Bishop my neck like an owl screaming the sky for more fighters actually. Richthofen who of course was looking for me. With an inscrutable face and a slight smile I'd get into my helmet, pump him get between my knees and the one then coldly ruthlessly get him in my sights. Aline I'd wrestle Pan leaving smoke to the ground. I'd come in and flip upside down over Pan Imagine hanging out of the cockpit by my safety belt, maybe waving at somebody like Mabel Normand.

My secret miseries

Sometimes when I was being the greatest Something The World Has Ever Seen and it depended on the result and I walked on hallowing terms or looked my older brother would notice me and say. "What's he doing, so crazy about?" and my mother would give me a quick look for sports and tell me to sit down and eat my supper and I'd hate one of my favorite dreams. I'd be grown up and at least once a day I'd grab my brother by the shoulder sort of smiling, let him think he could link me for a minute, then tighten my grip until he sat down on the floor and asked in confusion how I got my muscles.

When I got them of course was building my body without anybody knowing. If We used to read those ads that showed puny spartan-chested sad looking, wrinkling who bought new inventions and punching bags and boring gloves and man my looking like somebody who sent a surprised bully spinning into the gutter with some remark like. What will you saying?"

We used to box down in one another's cellars and end up with broken smiles and sometimes when we were sending for supper my father would give us a lesson in scientific boxing squeezing his fingers into our boxing gloves and saying. Now try to hit me." The thought of hitting that dignified vest with its watch chain would just about hypnotize us. Go ahead try to hit me," he'd say. "It's all in the footwork." It would be a relief when he'd eject us with one of his loose gloves and we wouldn't have to try to hit him in the stomach.

Our heroes all lived outdoors and used their muscles and usually wore diffuant kind of clothes from ordinary people. They did nearly everything differently from ordinary people. The other day I heard a kid say as if he meant it that he intended to be a lawyer when he grew up and it was all I could do not to ask him if he realized that a lawyer wore a tie sat down in the table for supper said Excuse me and washed his hands before every meal till his life I almost told him that lawyers probably kissed girls but I held in the big that all in watching today's TV heroes he would have thought it was as natural as shooting marbles.

But of the glory of some of our heroes when I was a kid was that they looked just the way girls wouldn't want them to look sometimes bent and bow-legged with ringed faces that needed a shave. I remember I used to look in the bathroom mirror every night hopefully examining my face for lines, wrinkles, whiskers pimples under my eyes or anything that would break the nebulous effect of a grown.

We felt that the only reason that our fathers worked at the jobs they did was that they just hadn't heard of man who lived in mansions or log cabins or on horses. In fact they hadn't heard of the great golden world that was full of action and triumph where life had color and pace and nobody did things like homework. It was the world for which I was bended when I was a kid and the thoughts of it worked below. Even whisky does now and I sometimes wonder just what it is I lost and why I could get it back. Life doesn't become too tough it just becomes dreamless.

Probably the end of the dream began for me when I found that I needed glasses. Up till then I had hoarded as many kid who wore glasses and pulled him long eyes fighting that he just didn't want to be like Tom Mix. The day I looked at myself in an optometrist's mirror sitting there in a department that smelled of special incense and remained me of a dress department I felt sunn how that I'd let my heroes down. I feared knowing immortals above my head. His n his disappointed you know" my mother said and some kindly line said that I'd probably only have to wear them for n month. I had a picture of myself coming into the ring taking off my robe hearing the jeering KID ALLEN binding it to one of my seconds, then handing him my glasses and telling him to be careful not to break them. I didn't just look into the mirror I looked right through it to the end of everything.

I got frail reconciled to the glasses, but when the day came when I had a chance to be a hero myself nothing happened the way it was supposed to happen with heroes. It all started in Sunday school class. I used to go to I had a dapper Sunday school teacher named Mr. Ghent, a tall affable Irish man that people seemed hardly and with warmth eggs and smoking and loud laughing and who was always trying to get one of us boys to give a prayer but nobody would do it.

Then one Sunday when he asked for a volunteer I couldn't stand the silence any longer and I said I'd do it. It went off rather well and I felt then on I could be numbed on to give a prayer and be same so popular with the boys for getting them off the hook. And when the class formed a hockey team they elected me captain. I didn't play hockey. I dreamed a terrific game of hockey but I didn't play it. I told them I didn't play hockey and had never played hockey. I told them that I could hardly skate. But the more I protested the more convinced they were that it was typical and admirable Christian modesty and that I was really invincible. Even Mr. Ghent became caught up in this mass hysteria. It was my first experience of telling the literal truth and not being able to get anybody to believe it.

But it didn't take long to convince even me that the hockey game united kids who wouldn't play but who could play hockey circled me like terriers. By the time I'd got dressed around the play would have gone to the other end and back. I'd bend over and flail at the puck while coasting slowly backward propelled by by one's determination. Worst of all was when I'd just be standing still and suddenly I'd flail on my back. Mr. Ghent finally decided to put me in goal where I could hang, onto the giant post until the game was over.

It wasn't the right ending for someone who had been a cowboy a jungle explorer a human fly and The Greatest Champion of Everything. The World Had Even Seen, but somehow without actually thinking about it I knew that it was the most common ending and happened to more often to most people than the things that happened to the heroes of my boyhood. ★

The tragedy of the fat child continued from page 23

"The only glands that make most children fat," says one specialist, "are the salivary glands"

ran pedantically and neither lists causes of teenage obesity as escape laziness TV laziness mother love laziness sports shyness and lack of laziness. Children who feel unloved and unwanted sometimes are driven to eat too much.

Some children are fat because it's right for them to be fat in that particular time. Children entering puberty often gain weight very quickly. A few years later they'll thin down again.

And some (but very few) children are fat because of faulty glands. A doctor who specializes in glandular disorders recently reminded that a tolerance of walking with obese youngsters had convinced him that the only glands involved were the salivary glands and they were disturbed by bad eating habits right from the cradle.

Different kinds of obesity call for different kinds of therapy doctors say now and putting some overweight children on a diet is not only useless but may be damaging.

A Toronto psychiatrist Dr. Daniel Lippon recently suggested that perhaps one exaggerated concern with weight may be a bad thing in itself. "Self-consciousness leads to anxiety, anxiety often leads to overeating and overeating is the main mechanism of obesity," he explained.

The simplest question of all remains the hardest to answer. *What is a child to be fat?*

A child is obese if he *looks* fat and awkward if he feels uncomfortable and if he's unable to engage in normal child hood play. One doctor declares: "Those health shouts you see giving a child's normal weight for his age and height minus very little. Ten percent above the calculated weight and a child is considered overweight. Twenty percent over and he's supposed to be in a serious condition. Child's don't like this classification such things as body structure glands cultural background or the child's own temperament.

Another physician points out that children grow in spurts shooting up in the early years, flattening out in middle childhood and usually putting on pounds at the time of puberty. A child of twelve or thirteen who's putting on weight is just doing what's normal and will probably slim out again.

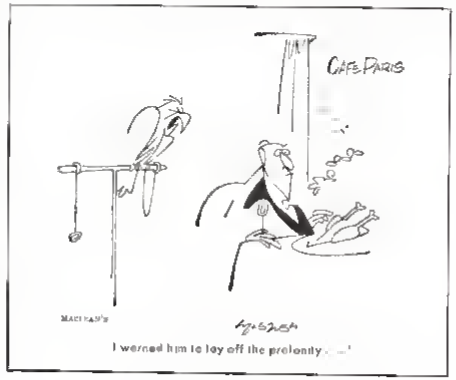
What all the boys and girls who are recognizably overweight. Contrary to the opinion of many school teachers and parents it isn't usually a child's glands that are to blame and thirteen pounds of pills or injections that will suck a man's fat. The endocrinologist who observes that only the salivary glands are involved it right as far as he goes but new medical thinking suggests that he's pointing at the symptom not the cause of obesity. The fat child eats too much all right but the real question is *Why does he*

It's suspected that there are many contributing factors.

A child's general background has a lot to do with whether he's going to be thin or fat. Fat people tend to have fat children and thin people usually have thin progeny. This phenomenon of the thin member of the fat family is explained by the fact that fat people carry lean genes—factors which determine thin physical heritage. Thin people don't carry fat genes.

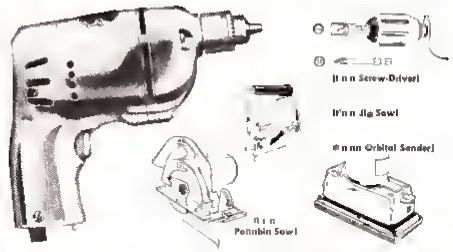
A Toronto pediatrician says: "In my thirty years practice I've treated with a notable lack of success to make fat youngsters thin and thin youngsters fat. I think it's the body type that determines what a child's going to be like.

Another pediatrician disagrees. In his opinion bad food habits in infancy start



I warned him to lay off the profanity. . ."

BLACK & DECKER parade of performance plus value



¼" DELUXE UTILITY DRILL
The World's largest selling electric drill—leads the parade of B&D performance plus value. Famous B&D built motor. Geared chuck. Husky construction for years of service. Drives all B&D ¼" drill attachments shown here.



HEAVY-DUTY SAWS
Power to spare makes easy sawing easy. B&D built motor. Accurate depth and bevel adjustments. Cuts 2 x 4 at 45 degrees. The Saws the Experts Choose.



NEW DUST-LESS FINISHING SANDER
Whisks away dust as fast as it forms. You can sand, paint, side by side! Attaches to any vacuum cleaner.



NEW SCRU-DRIVE
Designed to give you two-in-one versatility. See the cutaway at "Drill" and you have a "Drill. Twist the collar to "Screw" and you have a screw driver. Interchangeable bits. Wall supply basin if you. Pistol Drill insert tools FREE with B&D Scru-Drill.

FOR THE FAMILY GARDENER



A real time saver. And power to spare for the thickest shrubs and hedges. Hair-raised one-hand operation extra long blade (17").

Pistol grip trigger and lever action for easy operation with safety trigger lock. Plus B&D Power Device and Utility Drills.

Leading Dealers Everywhere Sell

Look whether you're just getting started or getting a new Garage

Black & Decker

Quality Electric Tools—Power-Built for Top Performance

9001

Marriage is the most important contract we ever make. Yet few newlyweds understand—or bother to agree on—their rights and duties as spouses. A prominent lawyer asks

Why not a written marriage contract?

READ THIS FRESH AND PROVOCATIVE ARGUMENT
In the MAY *Maclean's* *On sale 4 cents*

a child on the road to obesity Some families socialise size with excellence Te them the only good baby is a big, fat oversize baby Hently eming it a tradition in some families and the child with a small, finicky appetite is teased into second helpings Te parents with a background of poverty and unecurity whendant food is the finest gift they can give their child Their motive is good but the results are often confusing My mother makes me so mad! en awkward ten year-old recently complained She keeps saying Eat eet eat And now she complains that I'm getting fat

Watching the overweight child move lethargicelly from table to television set and back egain his parents often can't help hit have the conviction that he wouldn't be so fat if he'd exercise more He's got a bicycle and a baseball mitt—why doesn't he get outside and use them?

A Toronto doctor who hit many fat children among his patients says: "There are a few obese children who are extraordinarily light on their feet and who don't seem to get winded by hard exercise But most of them are awkward and clumsy and lack good muscle coordination Why should this kind of child exhaust himself at games so that the other children can laugh at him? People who suggest that the lack of exercise makes a child fat are putting the horse before the cart He's fat *therefore* he doesn't exercise

Some medical thought has been given to the possibility that fat children and adults too have something wrong with their appetite—the schematic mechanism in our brain that's supposed to tell us when we've eaten enough Worry over exams, tension at the table or arguments before dinner can trigger off a reduction in appetite Similarly psychological influences may be involved when a child constantly and deliberately overeats Psychologists believe that some youngsters gorge themselves on rich foods because they feel initated or unwanted lonely and need food comforts them

One physician recalls a twelve year old boy who came to him weighing one hundred pounds more than his healthy weight The boy's widowed mother had left him in an orphanage for nearly seven years then remarried and brought him home He immediately began to overeat and when his mother had a new child the boy overate more than ever *He* was obviously trying to catch up on all the love and attention he'd missed most of his life The doctor says

Guilt as a factor

Sometimes parents feel so guilty about what they owe their children that they create a neurotically obese child One family constantly apologized to their young daughter for not being able to give her all the luxuries of life they (and she) felt she deserved Her self pity grew out of proportion and she turned to food for consolation Sometimes a girl is so jealous of her father's attentions to her mother—or to his business that she settles down to getting fat as a means of provoking some reaction from him—if only disgust

So say the psychologists, searching their files

Dr Hilde Bruch a New York pediatrician who turned psychiatrist and has since won international recognition for twenty years work and study with fat children says the obese child is a special kind of personality somewhat akin to the schizophrenic type He has a low frustration tolerance—he wants things when he wants them He reacts angrily to unexpected demands He has a feeling of helplessness convinced that he's not very important and an all-or nothing attitude to life He daydreams of being rich handsome famous much admired —and then "When his dreams don't come true he doesn't break down like the schizophrenic he just withdraws, eats more and gets fatter Dr Bruch says.

Many of the fat children she's known have been extremely dependent emotionally involved with one or both parents, usually the mother She considers it significant that seventy percent of the children brought to her office over a period of years turned out to be the only child or the "baby" of the family Although their mothers had apparently turned to her for help they showed amazing resistance when/never she advised dieting. Once when she put an eleven year-old boy who weighed one hundred and seventy pounds on a one-thousand-calorie diet, he managed to lose five pounds "You're starving him! I'm taking him off the diet" his mother telephoned to learn

At first Dr Bruch thought all this helping wes the mother's fault but as the years went by she concluded that the child was quite willing to accept the role for the pleasures and privileges that went with it

Often such families refused psychiatric help—or if they accepted it it proves useless. Then the child grew up venturi ed out of his mother's sheltering care into the world was rebuffed very much for his spoiled personality es for his size an promptly withdraw and consoled himself with more food

Being a psychiatrist, Dr Bruch admitted saw some of the more extreme cases of obesity

What of the non neurotic ordinary child who is perhaps twenty perhaps forty pounds overweight? Should his obesity be ignored? Should he be taken to the family doctor? What kind of treatment should he get?

There's no simple answer because there are different kinds of fat children and what's right for one is wrong for the other

Dr Arvid Wallgren of Denmark where there has been considerable study about the fat child says: "Every child is an individual and it's the state of the whole child that must be treated not just his obesity

Do the subject of diets doctors have a great deal to say and some of it is pretty hopeless

"To begin with" a Toronto pediatrician says, "many a mother makes the mistake of telling her overweight child I'm taking you to the doctor because you're too fat By attacking the child's individuality and suggesting there's something wrong with him the way he is she has given the child two enemies—herself and the doctor If the child's healthy is extreme he may react by eating even more voraciously whether the parent finds out about it or not.

Trying to keep a child on a diet against his will is like beating your head against a stone wall, doctors say At ten or eleven, a child may be willing to co-operate if thirteen or fourteen the attention is even better because then the idea of dieting is often the child's own A Toronto doctor says "I find I get somewhere with a girl of thirteen or so when she starts worrying about how she'll look in a bathing suit Boys ask for a diet when they discover they're too slow for the high school football team"

Should a child be put on a greatly reduced diet all at once or should it be a gradual thing—say twenty percent lower than his present food requirements to begin with?

Here again there's a sharp divergence of opinion Dr George Lolli an American psychiatrist who sees veteran semi families in the childhood environment of alcoholics and obese adults says "A drastic curtailment of food intake can set up reactions similar to those of a deprived alcoholic" Dr Bruch agrees that there are some fat children for whom too sudden a diet may result in severe emotional trauma now that the mother (hitherto the Great Giver) is withholding what her child thinks he needs

Pediatricians are apt to snap Nonsense at such psychological twaddle

"When I give a child a diet I don't make a gradual say one I tell him This is it and it's going to be tough That way he knows what he's up against"

A medically approved diet for the overweight child consists of fifteen to twenty percent protein fifteen percent fish eggs poultry and cheese and sufficient bulk to give the child a comfortable feeling

It should include green vegetables and citrus juice and be at least five hundred calories less than what the doctor estimates it necessary for a child to maintain his present weight This an overweight inactive ten year-old boy who is eating thirty five hundred calories a day and still gaining could maintain his present weight on a diet of three thousand calories To lose eight he must go down another five hundred calories The doctor will therefore prescribe a twenty five hundred-calorie diet

To find out how many calories their child is getting at the present time physicians sometimes suggest that parents write down a list of everything the youngster eats and drinks on a forty eight hour period This is often an eye-opener to parents who small but little. Some may be thirty pounds overweight but the hardly eats a thing

When it comes to putting a child on a diet some *do's* and *don'ts* for parents are in order

Most important is that you don't talk about it Don't hand your overweight son or daughter a plate of cole slaw and yoghurt with the remark "This is what you've got to eat because you're too fat You'll only build up his resistance to the whole idea. Try to give him limited amounts of things you know he likes (unless everything he likes is fantastically fattening like gravy cake and pie) Serve low calorie foods especially proteins, and make it as visually attractive as possible Let the child who's dieting sit at the table with the family (he's feeling isolated enough as it is) and say to Toronto doctor *serve the same kind of food to everyone* He explains You can't expect a child to nibble on grapes when right next to him is his sister gobbling up cheesecake This diet thats good for the fat child a good for everyone

Above all encourage your child for his efforts instead of blaming him for his failures You're asking him to give up something that may not mean much to you but it obviously means a lot to him

Some doctors feel it's only right to give a judicious prescription of some "mood drug like amphetamine to cheer up a child who's dieting Other doctors don't approve They claim drugs keep some youngsters awake at night and make others irritable Some doctors prescribe

Star light, star bite

Star light star bright first star I've seen
Tonight and I could be the last For
missile
May missile might blow us all to bits
tonight
With quite an awful blast!

GEORGINA LESSE

exercise as part of their treatment others say that exercise comes later on when the child's thin enough to enjoy it

Something that's generally acknowledged is that no matter how discouraging the doctor finds their progress he must remain patient and sympathetic with his obese young patient

This last easy for physicians almost that fat children and their parents are notorious for their poor co operation They will go all a diet and about they've stuck to it manfully meanwhile gaining a mysterious five pounds They cancel appointments and they're overly sensitive to all comments about themselves A Toronto doctor says "I've got an eleven year-old girl coming to me and I've let almost from the beginning that psychiatric help is what she needs But if I were to broach the subject I'd never see the girl again not would the psychiatrist"

For this kind of problem diet alone is obviously not the answer In any case as Dr Georgia Lolli recently declared "Before we can make child eat down on his food willingly we've got to make his life so meaningful that the pleasures of food seem small by comparison

Until your child is needy end eager to go on a diet than take it easy Don't hound your boy to get thin or I must him with the athletic prowess of the skinny lad who lives next door If your daughter undertakes to diet and fails try to be understanding encourage her to try again If you and your husband are plump don't be surprised if your children are fat too and if they appear happy and well adjusted end healthy think twice before you hurry to change them

The acceptance of a child's individuality reflects a sound emotional attitude on the part of parents end helps a child to grow up normally doctors say

A few years ago, following up as many of her former young patients as she could locate psychiatrist Bruch discovered somewhat to her embarrassment that fifteen percent of them had managed to get thin and happily stayed that way twenty percent stayed fat but had adjusted comfortably to their overweight were twenty five percent were thin but maladjusted and unhappy and forty percent were still fat and still emotionally disturbed

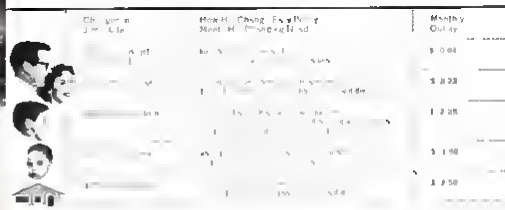
Parents might take heed from the fact that the "cured" fifteen percent — those who stayed thin end were well adjusted and happy — were young people who had undergone comparatively little discussing and used no drugs They had chosen to diet themselves usually in their teens And they had one blessing above all others — their parents didn't nag ★



KEEPS IN STEP WITH FAMILY CHANGES

Occidental Change-Easy Insurance... your policy for life

Families grow one wonderful step at a time And as they grow, insurance needs change You can meet those changes with *one* Occidental Change-Easy Policy As new changes occur, you simply include new benefits in your original policy And as the chart shows Occidental Change Easy Insurance is inexpensive (In fact the cost of each insurance dollar decreases as you include more benefits in your policy)



OCCIDENTAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA
GENERAL MANAGER FOR CANADA Toronto Dunlop

Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance • Group Insurance • Pension Plans
(A MEMBER OF THE TRANSAMERICA INSURANCE GROUP)

Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose

play safe—carry

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

- Prompt refund if lost or stolen
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend like cash
- Good until used—keep unused cheques for emergencies
- Obtainable at bank, travel agent or AMEX ticket offices everywhere
- Sign them when you buy them, sign them as you spend them

Your cashing signatures are the only identification you need



Eyes "Sing"



Made Sparkling Bright and Rested in Seconds!

Just two drops [illegible] and presto! [illegible] gone [illegible] tired look and feeling due to static glare [illegible] look of pleen. Try safe EYE-GENE every day. 50¢ & $1.25 in handy eye-dr[illegible]

Safe EYE-GENE



I survived the sinking of the Lusitania continued from page 27

"She went down slowly, with a hissing, booming, crashing sound"

get my lifebelt but someone must have taken it after the explosion for it was not on the rack when I had seen it during the whole voyage.

By this time there was a very heavy list to starboard and my trunk and several little things on my dressing table had fallen over. I tried to rush down the corridor but by this time the ship had such a list that one foot was on the floor and the other on the wall. In this fashion I made my way as far as I could in the mad of the corridor when I heard a steward bending, cut life belts. While I was fastening mine on I heard the most distressing noise and realized that they came from the elevator which was stuck between floors. I realized the power was off and there was nothing I could do to get the poor souls out. As far as I ever know they drowned.

With my belt fastened I started up the main stairway to the boat deck. My foot slipped and I fell down at the feet of a woman and her daughter. I asked them if there was anything I could do for them and the mother replied: "Not a thing, thank you. We are not going to get excited but I cannot find my stockings and stay here. The captain says the Lusitania cannot sink." They were both drowned.

It was very hard to mount the stairs at the angle in which they were but I managed somehow and went out on the boat deck on the port side where, during the voyage, I had been allocated a certain lifeboat. The lifeboats now were that all the lifeboats that had been swung out since entering the war zone were hanging in over the deck on davits, ready to be swung outboard at a moment's notice. There was a considerable amount of confusion but no panic and I noticed that everyone had their life belts. At my boat station on the port side waiting to get into the lifeboat I found Lusseter and his mother both of whom wore belts. At each boat I saw there was a steward in command letting in seven people then lowering it to the water, filling it with them. Every time they swung one out the men at the ropes lowered it to the water until finally it was level with the deck of the ship. Then there was a cry of "Let the women and children in first!" There was no children for that particular boat.

Lusseter and I helped his mother into the boat which was soon filled with women. The men at the ropes were just about to lower it when the ship's master, Capt. W. T. Turner, appeared on the bridge, shouting loudly and waving his hands.

"Don't lower the boats. Don't lower the boats," he called as if his life depended upon it. "The ship cannot sink. She cannot sink. She cannot sink. Then in an appealing way he shouted: "Will the gentleman kindly next to getting the women out of the boats and off the upper deck?" I believe that the loss of many lives is chargeable to the captain's order to empty the boats for later when the ship was sinking, when we had time to unload them. Had he allowed the boats to be lowered, the passengers could always have towed back if the Lusitania had not sunk.

Looking down from the boat deck I saw that the second-class passengers had ignored the captain's orders and were loading their lifeboats and had launched four of them, none of which had been swamped. This I think is why more second-class passengers than first-class were saved.

After the captain's orders, our lifeboat was quickly emptied of other lifeboats on the same deck were and Lusseter and I helped his mother out and everyone started to crowd inside and off the deck, in response to the captain's instructions. By this time the ship had righted herself somewhat but her bow was gradually being submerged.

I said to Lusseter and his mother: "The ship is bound to sink. The best thing to do is to jump overboard." They agreed to jump clear of the ship when we had to climb into the now-empty lifeboat. We jumped almost simultaneously. I am told the boat deck of the Lusitania was ninety feet from the water. Of course the bow was partly submerged, so we probably jumped less than that but still it was quite a height.

When I struck the cold water I went



THE PROFESSIONS 18

The Builder

Though all things fail at last to dust
He uses meantime all he must
To the building then we own
Protection from the rain and snow

And leaky roofs and squeaky floors,
Broken pipes ill fitting doors,
Peeling paint and warping rafts
And mortgages forever after

Mavor Moore

under a long way but was drawn up quickly by my lifebelt.

It is funny how one does insignificant things in times of stress. I remember I was greatly bothered at the time by losing my cap and started to swim around to look for it. Then I realized I had more important things to do. I started swimming as far away from the ship as possible to avoid being drawn into the suction. I began with the breast stroke but my lifebelt hindered my arms so I turned on my back and made much better headway.

I had swum this way for about sixty yards when I saw the Lusitania start her final plunge. She went down slowly, head first with a hissing, booming, crashing sound. I saw people jumping off at the last moment and lifeboats being smashed to pieces. The sound was deafening and the sight was, thank heaven, I shall never forget it.

When the last of her stern disappeared in the water an immense wave formed as the waters met. I saw it coming, being in it was almost as if broken life boats, beams, human bodies, deck chairs and other debris. I put my hands in front of my face just as the wave was on me. It went over my head and I felt bits of debris being thrown against me. I swallowed a considerable amount of water and was very nearly choked. I think that a great many people were killed — and I don't mean drowned — by that awful wave.

When I got my breath I began to look around. The sea was still fairly calm but it was a dreadful sight — a struggling mass of humanity — fighting for places on bits of wreckage, throwing each other off the wreckage they had struggled to get on, pushing people under the water to get out of it themselves. They were like so many wild animals fighting for life, impelling all chivalry, women and men alike were pushed about and drowned. I believe me in cases like this, unlike the storybooks, there is very little chivalry, each person fights for his own life.

To one side of the scene just enough, around very slowly, looking at this suffering going on, was the submarine that had caused it all. I saw three or four of the crew on the deck just standing looking at the sea. It moved slowly around the wreckage amongst the survivors for about ten minutes before the men disappeared into a hatch and the submarine submerged.

I caught a glimpse of a young couple who were said to be bride and groom. They were in one of the over-crowded lifeboats. He was clipped to the waist and she had let down her long hair and spread it over his shoulders to warm him.

I had been in the water some time when I began to feel cold and looked about for something on which to climb. Thirty yards or so away was a capsized lifeboat with seven or eight people on it. I swam to it and a man helped me up. Once on, I look, off my shoes and collar then joined with two or three people to help others up.

We had rolled about fifteen men and women to scramble on before we realized that if any more got on, the boat would turn right. A few yards away there was a tarpaulin-covered box, such as might be used to hold an upright piano. I jumped off the overturned boat, swam to the box and struggled on. It was a hard job as the box was riding high and I was hampered by my bulky lifebelt.

I was just managing to balance myself on it when a gust of about twenty-one floated up to me. She had a lifebelt on but was very badly injured and was bleeding freely and I wondered that she was still alive. I bent down and asked her if I could help her onto my box but she cut me short saying she did not want to be helped as she knew she was going. She asked me to take a ring from her finger, keep it and if I were saved give it to her lawyer whose name and address she gave me. She wanted me to tell him that she had tried to die like a brave Canadian girl.

Seeing that she was badly injured and exhausted, I knew I could not save her life so I didn't even try to get her onto the box. It was hard enough to get on oneself let alone try to lift someone up who was absolutely helpless. I took the ring and put it in my pocket. It was a small gold ring with a green stone. She asked me if I would hold her hand and I did so gladly. She lay back in the water and started drowning. After a few minutes her gasping stopped and I knew she was dead. I freed my hand and a wave carried her away.

It was terrible to know that I had been able to do little for her and yet the one thing I could have done I did not do. I did not keep her ring but took it out of my pocket and flung it into the water. I have hesitated about telling this incident because of the regret I have been experienced at not having kept the ring. I cannot explain why I threw it away unless it was that I thought that with it I could throw the memory of her eyes when she died of her head on the water of the sight of her agonies and the feel of her dead hand in mine. I tell of her death only in the hope that her family may read my story and know that she died like a brave Canadian girl." The gold ring with the green stone may help them to know but in my two visits she told me about herself that she was on her way to England to do some nursing and that her two brothers in the Canadian Highlanders had been killed recently in France.

All the while I had been holding her hand. I had been faintly conscious of my name sounding amid all the shouting, screaming and wailing. It was Lassiter. His and his mother were on an upturned lifeboat about forty yards away. I waved and they shouted to me asking if there was any room on my box. I called back "yes" and tried to paddle over to them with a piece of broken oar I had found in the water. I did not make much headway so they climbed off their boat and swam toward me in their life belts. When I leaned over to *help* one of them up I lost my balance and went splashing into the water. Lassiter then got hold of one end of the box and I the other and we balanced it fairly well. The two of us struggled on and then while I leaned over to one side, he pulled up his mother on the other. The box was top heavy by now and the first wave that came lifted one end of it and all three of us fell off.

Lassiter and I repeated our struggles and finally the three of us managed to get up again. All went well for a short time until a wave knocked us over again. We were knocked off four times altogether but we finally managed to get that he sat on one end of the box, his mother in the middle and I at the other and by holding each others hands Lassiter and I managed to support his mother in a sitting position.

By this time most of the wailing and moaning had died down and it was beginning to get dark. I looked at my watch and found it had stopped at 2.26 p.m. There was only one ship in sight and it was on the horizon going in the opposite direction. The coast of Ireland was dimly visible and I learned later that we were about eleven miles off the Kinsale light house.

Now that there were three of us on the box and legs dangled over the sides — the water coming up to our waists. We were just as cold as we would have been floating right in the water but there was a certain satisfaction in having held on to something. Gradually we drifted away from the crowd.

The three of us had been in the water about three hours when toward the Irish coast we saw seven plumes of smoke. Then we knew that ships in Queenstown Harbor must have received the Lusitania's SOS and were making straight for us.

The first ship was a torpedo boat destroyer and right behind it another followed by almost every kind of seagoing craft imaginable—collier, yachts, motor boats, fishing smacks, launches and motor launches. Of course the large groups of survivors were more noticeable and were picked up first.



SANDWICHES – *a hostess' best friend*

Everybody's joining the sandwich feast. After all, the excitement of every party IS the eating part — everything seems to taste especially good when the accent's on fun. And what party would be complete without sandwiches made with the tempting variety of today's wonderful enriched breads from your baker?

Wise hostesses know that for lunches, pictures, and other quick, interesting meals sandwiches always do a superb job of filling the bill. Make it a special point to serve them in *your* home often during August—Sandwich Time.

Cellophane TRADE MARK Cellulose Film

DU PONT CANADA

Better Things for Better Living *through Chemistry*

DU PONT OF CANADA LIMITED — Montreal

THIS ADVERTISEMENT APPEARS IN SUPPORT OF YOUR BAKER OR YOUR FAVORITE FOOD STORE





EXTRA INCOME

You can make $10-$15 extra Money every month in your spare time selling subscriptions to MACLEAN'S and other popular magazines.

CLIP this advertisement and send it in for free information about our Extra Income Plan.

J. R. McNeil
Maclean-Hunter
Publishing Co. Ltd.
481 University Ave.
Toronto 2, Canada

TRICKLING . . .
NOISY?
TOILET
GET THE
GENUINE
WATER MASTER
America's Largest Selling
TOILET TANK BALL



Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop that annoying noise, waste and expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing, stops the flow everytime, not just some of the time.

98c at hardware stores EVERYWHERE

Since we had drifted almost a quarter of a mile from most of the survivors and it was getting quite dark, we were terrified that they would not see us at all. We tried shouting, but our throats were so dry with salt water and our tongues so swollen that we made little noise.

Suddenly we noticed a small trawler belching smoke and making straight for us. It looked to us as if she didn't see us at all and was going to mow us down. Then less than ten feet away she turned to the right and reversed her engines to stop. Her swell upset our box. We were thrown into the water, dragged to her side and stern and sucked under. Mrs. Lassetter was struck on the shoulder by the propeller but was not seriously hurt. When I came to the top I yelled to some men in the stern to lower a boat but they said they had none. Instead they threw us ordinary cork life preservers. These were of no use to us as we were already floating. Then they lowered some rope made in a loop and one at a time we were hoisted up on deck.

As I learned later I was the last person picked up alive. Our own rescue ship cruised around looking for other survivors and found none after us.

When I had been hauled on deck I was so paralyzed by the cold I could hardly stand. We were helped into the engine room where some of our clothes were taken off and hung up to dry and the crew lent us odd bits of clothing. The time was 8.30 p.m. I had been in the water at least four and a half hours.

The crew was the most hospitable lot of men I have ever met. They brought us great big tin mugs of black tea and slices of the most delicious jam tarts I had ever eaten. The ship turned round and got us to Queenstown at two o'clock in the morning. At the dock we were met by members of the Irish army who had a tray filled with whiskies and sodas. I am not a whisky drinker but on this occasion I remember drinking down six full glasses of whisky and soda and not feeling a buzz. Then we walked to the nearest hotel. Every room had been taken and there were people lying down on the floor of the lounge and in every armchair. These people were survivors who had been picked up before us and who had arrived in Queenstown long before us. I must have appeared a funny sight with my suit shrunken and wrinkled and my shoes missing. The people at the hotel found an armchair for Mrs. Lassetter and we tucked her into it. I meter and I decided to stretch out on the floor. Before doing so I remembered the money I had put into my pocket before going down to lunch on the Lusitania. In my trouser pocket I found two golden sovereigns and a wad of very damp paper. I remembered that there had been four five-pound notes. I walked up to the cashier's desk and asked the woman if she would please change the money and I put on the counter the [illegible] of sodden paper which I told her was four five-pound notes. She looked at me in bewilderment, probably thinking I was suffering from shock. But when we opened up this sodden mass she recognized the notes. She took them and gave me some nice new clean money.

Next morning I [illegible] and I went out shopping. I lent him five pounds. He bought a few essentials for his mother and one or two things for himself. I bought myself a pair of shoes and a cap to replace the one I had so grudgingly lost.

We had to stay in Queenstown the whole of the next day during which I sent a telegram to my father in England saying I had been saved and was alive and well. Later I learned he never received it. The three of us took the night boat over to England and I arrived in London the next morning. There was a great crowd at the station waiting to meet survivors. My father had been at the station all night meeting each train hoping to find me among the survivors. My greeting with my father is hard to describe.

In the years since I have often discussed the sinking with others. Armchair critics have told me many times what they would have done under similar circumstances. Maybe they would have done better than I, but it is easy to sit in a comfortable chair and say what you would do if you were in the situation I faced. On the other hand I do not claim to be a hero. Whether one is saved or lost on occasions like this is often pure luck. I know in my case it was just good luck.

"I saw no guns"

I have also been asked many questions about the Lusitania and some of them involved answers on subjects about which I had no personal knowledge.

I've been asked whether the Lusitania had guns mounted on the bow and stern to repel enemy attack. All I can say is that I personally saw no guns.

I've been asked if we were carrying ammunition. I wouldn't be surprised if we were, but I really don't know. I certainly saw none.

I've been asked whether there were many young Englishmen returning to England to fight for their country. I am quite sure there were.

I do know that among the casualties were several famous people including Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the American millionaire; Charles Frohman, the most celebrated American theatrical producer of this time; Charles Klein, the Broadway playwright; and two of the daughters of Sir Hugh Montagu Allan, the Canadian financier who donated the Allan Cup for hockey.

Among the survivors was an American actress whose life belt and pearl-studded revolver were hung up in the entrance to the theatre where she appeared about a year later. I met this actress in the hotel in Queenstown and she showed me the revolver and told me she had tried to commit suicide with it while she was in the water. But the revolver had been submerged and when she pulled the trigger it didn't go off.

I have also been asked about the captain. The poor man is dead now and I hate to say anything against him. But at the official inquiry in London, when I was asked whether I thought anything more could have been done to save lives, I said I thought the captain should not have ordered the people out of the boats and off the upper deck for reasons I have already explained here. (The captain, however, was absolved of any blame for loss of life on the Lusitania.)

I was also asked at the inquiry whether all the portholes had been closed as we entered the danger zone. My answer was: I don't know.

I have often been asked what compensation the Cunard company gave survivors. I would like to state here emphatically that I think the company was most generous. We all listed the items we lost and their approximate value. First-class passengers got one third of their claim, second-class passengers two thirds, and third-class passengers the full amount.

I wrote down the main facts in this article a few days after my arrival in England but my original account was lost in a London air raid during World War II. However, I still remember the main events of my experience quite vividly. How could I forget them? ★

JASPER By Simpkins



I wish we could do something before they become extinct!



For the sake of argument continued from page 7

"The probability of strangulation is a lively one, and even worse bunglings are commonplace"

ment is the one that gathers to watch the five-hundred-mile motor race at Indianapolis. This eager multitude does not, one may safely presume, assemble for the exclusive pleasure of inhaling blue exhaust fumes. Isn't the thrilling possibility of a spectacular smashup with racing cars cartwheeling in flames into death and destruction the main attraction?

Lest it be protested that Canadians do not share this ghoulish delight in violence, we need look no farther than the popularity in this country of professional wrestling, hockey, lacrosse, football and other pastimes in which the emphasis is never entirely off dismembering the opponent.

Recently too the Ontario town of Lindsay introduced bullfighting to this country, a bloodless variety admittedly but indicative of a yearning for something less antiseptic. The public hanging would almost certainly catch the fancy of these hot-blooded people of southern Ontario.

Please understand: I am not suggesting that the public's behavior at a hanging should be in bad taste. Popcorn and soda-pop sellers could not be tolerated, difficult though it might be to keep them out of the grandstand. No admission could be charged for such an affair, and it might help to maintain a high tone by opening and closing with the massed singing of hymns.

Those of the public who will balk at attending the public hanging, on grounds of indulging a base curiosity, will be able to find in the television broadcast the same comfortable privacy, without loss of dignity, presently enjoyed by our white-haired little old ladies who ogle the televised efforts of Whipper Billy Watson to despoil Nature Boy.

A mere novelty, you say? People would soon tire of the public hanging as a spectacle? Here we can find assurance to the contrary from witnesses of modern hangings that the possibility of the hangman's botching the job looms large and that even those prisoners who refuse to struggle for life before the trap door is sprung will often do so at the end of the rope.

The public has never fully appreciated the significance of the trial judge's sentence, "to be hanged by the neck *until dead*." As the two last words indicate, death is not necessarily instantaneous.

Those who have read Mr. Charles Duff's authoritative *A Handbook on Hanging* will remember that the clean breaking of the vertebrae is by no means routine in this type of execution. The probability of death by strangulation is a lively one, and even more completely bungled hangings are commonplace.

In this regard Canada holds some kind of record with the hanging of Antonio Sprecage in 1919 which took one hour and eleven minutes "until dead."

The last public execution among the so-called civilized nations, aside from atrocities of war, was that in France in 1939 of a murderer named Weidmann. The press photographers were, of course, on hand for the event, and the subsequent editions of the Paris newspapers were so well documented with horror that the government was scandalized, accusing the papers of pandering to the public's lust for sadism, with the result that the guillotine was moved indoors.

This instituting of private executions was a great help to the Nazi forces of occupation who had a precedent for cloaking their disposal methods.

Perhaps you still are thinking that this plea for public hangings is a mere flight of gruesome fancy. If so I draw the reader's attention to an article ("Réflexions sur la Guillotine") written for La Nouvelle Revue Française d'Outre-mer by the distinguished French writer and philosopher Albert Camus. Bitterly attacking the conspiracy of silence surrounding the state's killings, their exclusion as a topic of polite conversation, he says:

"It is to the body politic what cancer is to the body of the individual, with this



difference that hardly anybody has yet agreed for the necessity of cancer

The awful truth extends even to the identity of the hangman who feels required to maintain an aloof public manner, no matter what he may be thinking about the executed man. Albert Pierrepoint, England's most famous hangman, once told me that he always tried to think of his victim as a "case" rather than a person. Pierrepoint, who has hanged 433 people, including Nazi war criminals, Irish terrorists and Lord Haw Haw, is a mild, kindly man who likes to relax with a pint of beer and a game of dominoes. He is also a devout Christian who believes that capital punishment is ordained by God. Yet he has never been troubled by the moral implications of his job.

Pierrepoint's attitude is typical of most hangmen. Albert Ellis, who was England's official executioner from 1932 to 1955, was a gentle, sensitive man who was deeply disturbed by the fact that he was required to kill people who had committed crimes of passion. Ellis, who hanged 203 people, was a lonely man who had few friends because he could not discuss his work with anyone. He died a suicide.

Why do hangmen, who are normally decent, humane men, perform such a brutal task? Why do they not refuse to hang people? Why do they not denounce capital punishment as barbaric and inhuman? The answer is that they do not feel responsible for the deaths of the men they hang. They feel that they are merely carrying out the law, which is the duty of any citizen. They feel that the state has the right to take a life for a life, and that they are merely the instruments of the state's will.

Yet we shrink from the hangman as well as from the service to the public that he performs. Very few of the executioner's friends, even those who support capital punishment, would think of having Mr. Ellis to dinner. Is there something inherently wrong with the state's use of the hangman? Is there something basically wrong with capital punishment itself? Or is there something wrong with the way we think about death?

Certainly the whole subject of capital punishment is one that we prefer not to think about. Most of us, I suspect, have a vague feeling that hanging is wrong, but we are not sufficiently concerned about it to do anything to change the law. Every year a few murderers are executed, and we read about their crimes and their deaths in the newspapers, but we rarely stop to think about the implications of what we are doing.

The fact is that capital punishment is a barbaric relic of the past, and it has no place in a civilized society. It is a cruel and unusual punishment, and it violates the principles of human dignity that we claim to cherish. It is also a punishment that is applied unfairly, with the poor and the friendless being far more likely to be executed than the rich and the well-connected.

The case against capital punishment is overwhelming, and it has been made by many people over many years. It is time that we abolished it.



London Letter continued from page 10

"The Puritans never ceased to attack the theatre for glorifying sex and ridiculing virtue!"

that today in the parent of tomorrow then it must follow that yesterday was the parent of today. But in the world of the theatre we are apt to look back upon Shakespeare as the only dramatist of the past that really mattered.

The truth is that the Elizabethan era was so vibrant, so daring, so limitless in imagination and so consummate in the arts of wit and speech that the ever-powering glory of Spain was destroyed and the newly recovered Rome it

But also in that period there was a bawdy vulgarity which dominated the arts in general and frustrated long afterward what Henry Fielding not unjustly from Tom Jones but also the play Jack Up Your Daughters under the original title Rape Upon Rape.

Finding a play of the Marlowe or Shakespeare course yet so brightly virtuous that we roared with laughter and forgot to blush. No one could call the play a masterpiece but it had a vulgar buoyancy which was like a gust of wind from the sea.

But what we have to ask ourselves is whether the newly created Mermaid Theatre is a main piece of showmanship to lure the tourists from abroad or whether it is an expression of London itself when the office workers have scattered to the suburbs and the crowded city can arise in quiet as night falls.

Thus to what the eminent painter Sir Albert Richardson has to say about it. "There is nothing more exciting in the whole range of pleasure than re-creating the scenes of other times. That is why the theatre has been a fountain of its own as, calling by far the most recent mechanical inventions."

Then he goes on to say: "My father took me as a boy on one of his sketching forays in the city and had explained that in the olden time Thames Street was noted for its inhabitants as well as its theatre near Paddle Dock known to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

Yet the Puritans never ceased in their attack on the theatre as an institution which glorified sex, ridiculed virtue and drew the thoughts of man to grossness and lechery.

But the gentle Keats was moved to an almost rehuke rapture when he wrote

> Souls of poets dead and gone
> What Elysium have ye known,
> Happy field or mossy cavern
> Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern
> Have ye tipped drunk mid his flock
> Thou my host Shakespeare?

In trying to assess the historic and artistic value of the new venture of the Mermaid Theatre I must not forget that the ponderings of Ivor Brown who has not only been a deeply esteemed dramatic critic but has become an historian of the theatre in general.

When the Mermaid Theatre opened for business Brown wrote these words:

> What had they seen those spectators who came away from the Bankside at the end of an afternoon in the playhouse when and a half centuries ago? Some of them would be walking back over London Bridge, others from the Globe and their company rowed back by the wherryman in leading steps at Puddle Dock or further west at the Temple. There would be meetings for liquor and theatre gossip in Bread Street just east of the old St. Paul's, for there master William Johnson became manager of the Mermaid Tavern in 1603."

In fact all the contemporary historians, poets and artists seemed to be vying with each other to say something memorable in connection with the opening of the Mermaid Theatre when that erstwhile old bear Gilbert Harding let out a growl of vanity that nearly blew out the footlights.

No phrase, he required, no conception, no idea has irritated me so much in all my life so long as "The Good Old Days". Those that lived in the good old days are welcome to them—scrofula, stinking scullery, poverty, filth. I'd rather have a whisky and soda at five shillings a time in a million pints than a tainted pasty smoked down by a draught of Malmsey any day. To hell with the good old days — and hey-nonny no to you too!"

That is a good blast, even from a man who has specialized all his life in blast ing. But not even his sinisterian trumpet voice can blast the sentimentalists and romantics to silence.

Under the ruthless imperil of television following the long years of the silent and the talkie films it seemed that the living theatre might become a mere echo of the past but it will never die. The night when the Baxters were taken by then Canadian Londoners to the Mermaid the audience numbered probably five hundred but we were a living audience in company with living actors.

It might have been a better or a worse performance than the previous one but the actors on the stage played for no pleasure. That is the force and fascination of the living theatre and that is why it will never die.

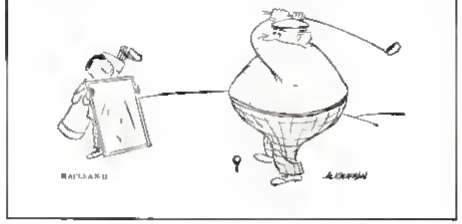
There are disadvantages to living in so vast a metropolis as London yet somehow it holds the imagination just as it did with the ancient Romans who came up the Thames and declared that they would build a city on the north bank where the Houses of Parliament now stand.

It may be too soon for Canada or Australia or New Zealand to look back upon the centuries. To them the glory is yet to come. Yet already the histories of these countries are rich in memory.

But the newly born Mermaid Theatre nestling in Puddle Dock brings the past to life. Dickens would have rejoiced in its hearty vulgarity. Shakespeare would have written plays especially for it, and even Bernard Shaw would have conceived something for it when he still alive.

The Thames in more than a river. It is liquid history. When the dark romance can hears strange shouts as a longboat drags its anchor from under the Mermaid and under Waterloo Bridge. The mud on the river lends a mystery to the moon as it looks down its lofty height upon the river that is London's main street.

Welcome, sweet, vulgar Mermaid! May you have many happy years in Paddle Dock! ★



PRODUCED BY YOU ★

Do our courts dispense true justice? continued from page 15

"When the wheels of justice grind slowly," says a lawyer, "the cause is likely a lazy judge!"

of our judges may be responsible for some of the tardiness and inefficiency in our courts. In a recent House of Commons debate it was pointed out that provincial supreme court judges (unlike Supreme Court of Canada and county court judges) could not be forced to retire. Ernest Broome (PC, Vancouver South) suggested that "judges have a lower productivity as they increase in age. There can be little doubt that the non-retirement rule has kept too many judges on the bench for too long. An aged Alberta judge now deceased, when criticized for remarkably inept judgment, explained: "I was too tired to listen to the testimony." A Quebec judge, an octogenarian no longer on the bench, would regularly fall asleep in the midst of trials much to the dismay and alarm of the lawyers pleading before him. They would resort to declaiming loudly and dropping heavy volumes of statutes on the floor to wake him up. He resigned when the minute of justice threatened to conduct a board of enquiry — a device which has hastened other resignations throughout the years.

Compulsory retirement?

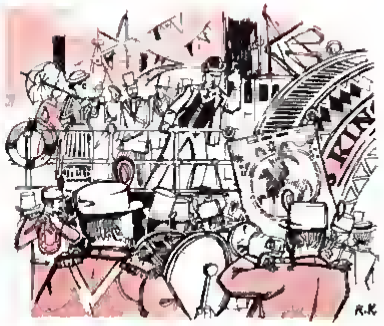
In Manitoba, at least three high court judges are seventy-five or older. An official of a lawyers' organization within the province initially says: "In the past there have been a number of examples of judges who should have retired because their work deteriorated with age. A prominent official of the Canadian Bar Association who is conversant with the situation in Saskatchewan says: "By and large the bar in the province is too old." While a well-known Regina lawyer states: "Some judges in Saskatchewan are substandard due to age and physical infirmity." A former high official of the Saskatchewan Law Society describes one judge "whose age and disposition make him unpopular. When he comes to town, every lawyer scheduled to appear before him tries to have his case adjourned." A satisfactory solution, according to a recent statement by Justice Minister Fulton, would be the compulsory retirement of all judges at seventy-five. Such a regulation would require an amendment to the British North America Act, a step which Fulton describes as "most difficult to obtain." (This consent of all provinces is required to change the BNA Act.) Judges have another solution: to offer increase salaries and pensions so that they could afford to retire earlier.

Since many of our oldest and most active members are over seventy, delays and inefficiency in the administration of justice cannot be principally blamed on old age. In the opinion of a busy courtroom lawyer who practices in an Ontario city: "When the wheels of justice grind slowly, the cause is likely to be an incompetent and lazy judge." An ex-judge who is well known in Canadian legal circles says: "One of the reasons for the backlog in the courts is that judges don't sit long enough and don't hear cases quickly enough. You'll find judges say they're giving their hearts out. It's usually not true." An Ontario lawyer who practices in a medium-sized community which is visited by a judge on circuit, is critical of the judge's working habits. "His afternoon session is supposed to start at one o'clock, but sometimes doesn't get under way until three. He also shuffles into the morning session long after the announced starting time. And there's further time lost by long breaks for coffee or for a smoke."

Ironically, the very excellence of our system which safeguards the judge's job also makes it necessary for us to tolerate some weak sisters on the bench. Flagrant misbehavior or deliberate misconduct are the only terms for firing a judge according to the BNA Act. The dismissal procedure is elaborate: a formal charge has to be laid in behalf of inquiry into a of judges of equal or higher rank conduct a hearing and later submit a report. The report is debated in parliament and a majority vote decides whether the



CANADIANECDOTE



The Orangemen who made the duke see red

Probably the most hotly resented welcome ever accorded a member of the British royal family was offered to the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, when he visited Canada exactly nineteen years old in 1860.

It was not the prince himself who was resentful but the colonial secretary, the Duke of Newcastle, who was in charge of the tour.

Long before the royal party reached predominantly Protestant Kingston the duke who had been giving special recognition to Catholic dignitaries decided there were to be no Orangemen's demonstrations. He failed to realize that Orangemen were fiercely loyal to the crown and were the backbone of the Tory Cartier-Macdonald administration, nor did he understand that their uniforms and parades were a common feature of the life of Upper Canada. The duke's arbitrary decree set the Orangemen ablaze with indignation and fulmination.

In the evening of Sept. 7, 1860, John A. Macdonald, who was to conduct the tour through Upper Canada, led a delegation on board a steamer at Brockville to try to make the duke see reason. The argument went on far into the night. But the duke insisted Orangemen could not parade.

The Orangemen were just as stubborn. When the steamer reached Kingston the next afternoon a mess of Orangemen in full regalia waited on shore. The duke's fleet anchored to jerkey red. The mayor was summoned. The Orangemen were given until next morning to bow to the decree. But in the morning they reassembled in even larger numbers.

There they stood and there they stayed. The prince who had had little or nothing to say about the controversy never did lend. After twenty-two hours in the harbor the boat steamed away.

But John A. Macdonald was not on board. Some say the man who was to become Canada's first prime minister stayed behind in Kingston which was in his own constituency, merely to protest his political stake in the Orange Order. It is just as probable that he was exhausted as any Orangeman at the dismal stupidity.

—W. G. Hardy

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

judge is to be retained or dismissed. This complicated procedure has seldom been invoked although a few judges have voluntarily stepped down from the bench when threatened with a board of enquiry. The net result has been noted in the book. The Government of Canada by the late Robert MacGregor Dawson:

"A judge may be stupid and make scores of wrong decisions; he may be indolent and neglect his work; he may be biased and unfair; and while the administration of justice may suffer the lesser evil is to leave him alone. Removal for any but the most flagrant and scandalous offenses would have a detrimental effect on the work, security and peace of mind of all the other members of the judiciary."

The law's physical plant is inefficient and overcrowded. By and large the courtrooms across Canada are a disgrace, says Walter S. Owen, QC, of Vancouver, president of the Canadian Bar Association. While every province has some courthouses of which it is justly proud, too many of them are squalid, shabby, poorly lighted and poorly ventilated. Such surroundings tend to make the average citizen who appears to assert rights cynically to reverences to "the dignity and majesty of the law." Furthermore, a substandard courtroom can jeopardize a fair trial. It is essential that all testimony be heard clearly. Yet to Windsor, the sound of traffic sometimes drowns out portions of evidence which are being given. During a recent murder trial, the judge concluded that these noises were jeopardizing the accused's right to a fair hearing and ordered police to detour traffic around the courthouse.

A certain standard of physical comfort is essential in a courtroom so that judges can consider the cases before them with as little distraction as possible. But on one occasion while trying a large number of drunk charges in his congested courtroom in Toronto's city hall, Magistrate Charles Thoburn became overpowered by the stench of bad breaths and had to flee the bench. In the interests of justice courts should provide a private quiet place for lawyers to interview clients and witnesses. Such accommodation is often lacking.

A recent report by the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society states that in an ancient stone building in Halifax which houses the provincial supreme court as well as other tribunals "there is an urgent need to provide two rooms for interviewing witnesses." The report goes on to say that the building is worn out. "It is full from floor to roof and the heating plant is probably a fire hazard. There is no adequate library space and books are piled on chairs and window sills. There is no restraint whatsoever for the staff." In Saskatchewan magistrates' courts are sometimes conducted in grain elevators and the back rooms of lunchcounter buildings in one such setting there was only one chair available. Most participants were obliged to stand up throughout the hearing.

The Exchequer Court of Canada—an important tribunal concerned with litigation involving the crown — frequently leaves its headquarters in Ottawa to hold sessions in various cities. Justice F. T. Thurson, president of the court, has bitterly complained that many of the places assigned to him lack the dignity of a courtroom." In Toronto for instance the Exchequer Court has sat in an ecclesiastically poor room in an unused discarded hospital building or in the recreation room of a Canadian Legion Hall. It is equally understandable why Chief Justice J. C. McRuer, after noting the lack of enthusiasm for courthouse construction recently concluded that the administration of justice has been reduced to a third-class operation taking its place far down the line from civic statues, city halls, expressways and cloverleafs."

The best qualified people aren't always made judges. "In my heart," says Arthur Clark, QC, Vancouver former president of the Canadian Bar Association, "no lawyer believes in the present system of appointing judges. He was referring to the traditional practice of the federal government in power to hand out judgeships as plums to the politically faithful—former members of parliament and legislative assemblies, defeated candidates and officers of political organizations. Justice Minister Fulton denies that this is his policy. "I have not allowed politics in any sense to be a ruling criterion in judicial appointments," he says. Yet of the forty-eight judges appointed by the Progressive-Conservative government since its ascension to power on June 10, 1957, practically all had either been politically active, Conservatives or were known to have strong Conservative leanings. A case in point was the appointment of Alexander Campbell Dey Bissett, a seventy-year-old Vancouver lawyer who became chief justice of the B. C. Court of Appeal in April 1958. Dey Bissett, who is highly regarded, had been an active Conservative worker since 1917 and has led the B. C. Conservatives to the last two federal election campaigns.

A Saskatchewan county court judge told Maclean's: "I was appointed for political reasons—that's the way it's always been done." One of Nova Scotia's most highly regarded lawyers said to me: "I don't know of a single lawyer of the opposite political faith ever appointed to the supreme court of this province. It may be that Justice Minister Fulton, like former Prime Minister Bennett, has found it impossible to change the deeply entrenched system of judicial appointments. One of Bennett's avowed intentions was to select judges entirely on the basis of their merits. He ultimately had the admiration, according to his secretary, who wrote: "The Prime Minister found that party race religion occupation and geographical location are more important than qualifications."

While political appointments for partisanship may be the rule there are certainly a number of exceptions to the rule. Justice C. H. Locke and Justice F. R. Catwright of the Supreme Court of Canada, were considered to be Conservatives but they were appointed by a Liberal administration in 1954. Liberal government elevated Justice Patrick Kerwin to the rank of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada although he was a Conservative appointee during the R. B. Bennett regime. And of course political appointments are not *ipso facto* bad ones; many politicians have emerged as excellent benchers.

There is a widespread feeling that some of our ablest lawyers are being kept off the bench because of the relatively low salaries paid to judges. Finding a suitable judge now sometimes takes the government several months and often the appointee is the government's third or fourth choice. "I've had enough refusals to cause me concern," says Justice Minister Fulton. The judge's scale of pay is: Supreme Court of Canada justice, $22,500; provincial supreme court judge, $16,900; county or district court judge, $10,000; magistrates, $4,500 to $12,000, depending on the size of the community and the province. (Chief justices of the supreme courts are paid a few thousand dollars extra.) These rewards are meagre compared to the earnings of a practising lawyer. A first-class trial lawyer in any large Canadian city can earn between thirty-five thousand and seventy-five thousand dollars. A senior member of the Quebec bench told me: "Any lawyer who is not a dud or lazy can make more after ten years of practice than a judge." If he's not in that income bracket then he's not sufficiently successful to merit a judicial appointment. "In the present situation," says Arthur Cowan, QC, a council member of the Canadian Bar Association, "we're always running the risk of meeting opportunities from a group of lawyers who have been failures in private practice. A possible solution is to appoint outstanding lawyers who have accumulated a nest egg. However they tend to be older men already near the legal time for retirement."

Some judges and magistrates are neglecting their duties and sacrificing their impartiality by "moonlighting" i.e. taking on outside jobs. Most judges are unhappy about their salary and in recent years many have taken on a variety of profitable outside responsibilities. In every province they have served as arbitrators and conciliators to management-labor disputes—positions which can pay up to three hundred dollars a day. An Ontario county court judge earns almost the equivalent of his salary as chairman of the provincial liquor licensing board. In Nova Scotia judges have headed commissions and enquiries interested in education, taxation and housing. In Manitoba one judge headed a commission on school boundaries while another settled a complicated jurisdictional dispute between unions in the printing trades. These extra chores pay anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars a year.

Like many other leaders of the bench and bar, Justice Minister Fulton is flatly opposed to moonlighting. "I'm working on a revision of salaries so that we could properly require judges to take no outside employment," he says. One of the evils of moonlighting is that it takes judges away from court where a backlog of work awaits them. "If a judge has extra time he should give it to decrease the burden of his overworked colleagues," says a member of the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society. There can be little doubt that "part-time" judges sometimes dilute the calibre of justice. A lawyer who practises in a medium-sized city told me that in order to complete a case he required one hour interview with the judge who had conducted the trial some weeks before. For six months he has tried in vain to make an appointment. Yet during this period the judge has assumed a number of responsibilities unrelated to his court. "The delay is working hardship on my client," says the lawyer. Each month that passes is costing him a loss of income—money he can't afford to lose.

Outside jobs can also endanger a judge's reputation for impartiality. Sooner or later the judge will become involved in a public controversy and subject to criticism and abuse. So labor-management disputes, which frequently end in court, are often settled by arbitration. Yet last year Justice W. D. Roach of the Ontario Supreme Court at the request of the Ontario government undertook an investigation of the Teamsters' Union. His report was bitterly



YOU'RE SITTING PRETTY

when you save the 2-account way

Give your savings a chance to grow, by adopting the Royal's new 2-Account system of saving. It's simple. You open a Personal Chequing Account for paying bills — keep your Savings Account *strictly for saving*. This way you avoid dipping into your savings — give them a chance to grow with every dollar you deposit and with the interest your savings earn. But you'll know you're sitting pretty with a solid back log of available cash. Try it.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

One prominent lawyer calls magistrates' courts "a conveyor belt system of criminal proceedings"

attacked by the union and the judge himself was accused of bias.

It is my impression that moonlighting is having a damaging effect on the morale of judges. Judges seem to be divided into two camps: the haves — who are offered and accept outside assignments of a worthwhile kind and the "have nots" — those whose services were not sought or who refused outside work on the grounds of principle.

Many citizens are being denied their full right to justice because of the sky-rocketing cost of litigation. Our democratic system entitles every man in his day in court but what use is that right if he can't afford it?" asks Glenn Wright. The spectre of staggering expenses, he says, prevents many people with a good and just cause from going to court.

This fear is usually justified. Let us say that a Toronto man is injured in an automobile accident and is claiming $10,000 damages. He is faced with a long list of disbursements including the following which are about average: $50 to commence proceedings; $100 for the pre-trial examination for discovery; $50 for motions to the court and $100 for preparation for the trial. If his lawyer is able and experienced the claimant can expect to pay him $350 for his first day in court; $250 for each additional day following. It might be necessary to call in a doctor or some other professional witness at a fee ranging anywhere from $45 to $100 a day. The initial trial and its follow-up three days can cost $1,500.

If he loses his case and appeals to the Appeal Court he must be prepared to pay for the preparation of the transcript of his trial at a cost of $250. His lawyer's fee would be about $250. Total cost of the appeal: $500.

If he is defeated again he can appeal to the highest tribunal in the land—the Supreme Court of Canada which sits in Ottawa. This is not a long shot gamble since over one eleven year period which was studied the Supreme Court reversed the decisions of lower courts in fifty-four percent of the cases. The litigant must now supply the court with thirty copies of the transcript (cost: $7,000), pay his lawyer ($5000), retain an Ottawa lawyer who acts as his local agent ($1,500) and pay his lawyer's travelling expenses to Ottawa ($1,500). Total cost of the appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada: $2,800. Thus the cost of the three actions to the plaintiff is $4,800. It could easily rise to double or triple that amount if several witnesses are required at the trial, drags on for several days.

These astonishingly high costs discourage the person with middle-bracket incomes—and that includes most of us—from resorting to the courts. They are daunted by the question "What if I lose." In the event the court might very well saddle them with all the costs of the case—the defendant's as well as their own.

Injustices are frequent in some magistrates' courts where most cases are dealt with on a mass-production basis in a factory-like atmosphere. One prominent lawyer has described the magistrates' courts as a "studio anomaly." He pointed out that magistrates carry on most of the trial work in the country, disposing of more than ninety percent of all criminal cases. They have extraordinary powers: they can sentence a man to be whipped or to be imprisoned for life. Yet the important figure in the judiciary is not even given the title of judge. He is the lowest paid of all benchers and the most overworked. He is usually condemned to work in a block-like surrounding.

Exact figures of a few statistics back up why J. M. Goldenberg, QC, former president of the Saskatchewan Law Society, has referred to magistrates' courts as conveyor belt systems of criminal proceedings. All but a few thousand of the thirty thousand convictions for serious crimes in Canada during 1955 (the last recorded year) were made in the magistrates' courts. So were the bulk of the two million non-indictable (i.e. less serious) offences such as traffic and liquor law infractions. Ten years ago these offences numbered less than 600,000. While lagging behind in providing a sufficient number of magistrates and courtrooms to cope with this staggering volume of work.

In 1946, Toronto designated a special magistrate's court to hear seventy drunk charges a day. Ten years later they were being rushed through the "drunk court" at the rate of one hundred per hour. "Justice," commented the Toronto Globe and Mail, "has become a stereotype: the average citizen is unable to make use of all the legal machinery at his disposal."

When the courts reopened after a long weekend last year an Ottawa magistrate singly had to deal with eighty cases. Toronto magistrates had a total of four hundred and fifty cases while their colleagues in Montreal had five hundred cases. Even a small city like Saskatoon sometimes has a daily log of one hundred and ten cases in magistrate's court. In 1940 two magistrates in Vancouver heard 16,215 cases, during 1958, six magistrates disposed of 151,334. In other words three times the number of magistrates now has to do ten times the amount of work.

Under these circumstances, "sentencing sometimes becomes mechanical," says Edson Haines, QC, a leader of the Ontario bar. "People are sometimes sent to jail for several years with little or no inquiry. In Winnipeg a few years ago a forty-year-old unemployed man with three children became despondent because he had no money to buy his young sisters Christmas presents. He had no criminal record. After a few drinks one evening he held up a downtown theatre with a toy gun. Within eighteen hours he was arrested, pleaded guilty, was sentenced and started serving a three year sentence. He was not represented by counsel as friends were present to attest to his good character."

New Canadians patiently are in danger of suffering injustices in the magistrates' court because of their language handicap, lack of knowledge of their rights and their inability to employ counsel or raise bail. In June 1958, two Yugoslavians, Steve Chusin, thirty-four, and Mike Susmely, forty-four, were charged with assault in Vancouver and jailed when they couldn't raise bail. Both men stayed behind bars for seventy-five days while their case was remanded fourteen times. After a magistrate acquitted the two men, Chusin asked sadly, "Who will fix up the hurt and shame I feel?" In Toronto, a New Canadian woman was charged with shoplifting and locked in jail. She screamed for an hour, but with only an interpreter available, nobody understood her. Later, a punishable found that she had hanged herself. She had been trying to tell the police that she had left three very young children at home unattended.

Occurrences such as these might have been avoided had legal counsel been available to advise the accused regardless of their means. Although many bar societies are attempting to provide free legal aid, J. M. Goldenberg, QC of Saskatoon, a former magistrate says, "Step into any police court and you'll see many accused without counsel." Even a person who pleads guilty should have someone to speak for him "in mitigation of his sentence." No one is so likely that something white can't be found in his background. Goldenberg is critical because the vast majority of prominent lawyers than the police courts. They're engaged in civil practice, he says. "As long ago as 1909 Samuel Untermeyer, a leader of the New York Bar, deplored the fact that the flower of the bar had been drawn away from the higher sphere of advocacy by the temptation of money to become highly paid clerks to businessmen."

A lack of uniformity in sentencing is another glaring weakness in magistrates' courts. Recently the Ontario attorney-general's office sent all its magistrates a detailed account of a hypothetical criminal offense and asked them how they would dispose of it. Back came the answers ranging all the way from suspended sentence to a two year prison term. Evidently the quality of justice also varies from province to province. A careful statistical study by Goldenberg revealed a wide variation in the percentage of acquittals, according to geography. The percentage of acquittals in Manitoba's magistrates' courts for instance was only one tenth as high as that of Ontario courts. One explanation which Goldenberg offers is that many people plead guilty to avoid involvement with the court and possible expenses. As a magistrate he discovered that many innocent people pleaded guilty. On several occasions he persuaded them to change their pleas to not guilty. In every case where this happened, he says, "the accused walked out of the court a free person." Many people, says Goldenberg, don't realize the seriousness of pleading guilty to a crime. "It leaves a blemish on a man's character which can never be eradicated."

There are a number of ways of improving the performance of the magistrates' courts some of which have already been adopted in parts of the country. More judges and more courtrooms are urgently needed particularly in the urban

FOR TASTE:

blended from whisky aged in 20-year-old casks

FOR LOOKS:

a handsome new decanter



The older the barrel, the finer the taste... and whisky aged in 20-year-old casks goes into Calvert Old Rye.

Calvert Old Rye must meet 96 approvals for excellence – from the choice of grains to the final blend – before it is offered to you.

Calvert Old Rye is blended with vacuum-distilled whisky, which means a milder, smoother, more satisfying taste.

Even melting ice cubes can't dilute the true taste of Calvert Old Rye. It will keep its flavour to the very bottom of the glass – the mark of a great whisky.

Test Calvert Old Rye by any standard you like. You will find it's a truly select whisky – within the reach of every Canadian.



For convenience
a handsome new, curved flask
for the smaller size

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of renewing in order to receive uninterrupted service promptly.

The demands for copies to fill new orders and to supply back issues required the mailing of this circular letter beyond the period covered by our subscriptions. To avoid disappointment, your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly, while you receive the "expiration" notice.

areas. Magistrates' salaries — many of which are in the seven thousand to eight thousand-dollar area—should be increased. At the same time, we should insist that appointees have a formal legal training or the equivalent. At present, this is often not the case. The former attorney-general of one of the western provinces sent his lucky eight-column set-up pro-vincial strikers to early-bird magistrates for their graduation. One set was promptly returned with the accompanying note: "I don't want these books. Firstly, I've f covered them 3 get mixed up and it warps my judgment."

The possibilities of a professional probation service have not been fully explored by many magistrates' courts. Probation officers can guide a magistrate by providing him with a pre-sentence report; they also make it possible for a magistrate to keep offenders out of jail. Apart from sipping money, a criminal career in the bad probation saves the taxpayer money—a lot of money. During 1958 Ontario's probation officers supervised about thirteen thousand probationers. Instead of languishing in jail at a cost of fourteen million dollars, the probation officers returned fifteen million pounds and a half million in fines deserted wives and children and restored seventy-two thousand to people they had stolen it from. Ontario has one hundred and thirty probation officers but the maximum provinces Newfoundland and Alberta only have a total of fifteen.

There are other services which can enhance the performance of the magistrates' courts. Benner Hopkins, until recently senior magistrate of the Hamilton Court, has been instrumental in introducing installment system of paying fines. A psychiatric clinic for examining offenders and a probationers' aid society, a voluntary group of people who help probationers find a place to live, get them a job and provide them with tools they might need to do so, are years. Hopkins has cut the Hamilton prison population in half. "My policy," he says, "is to intervene when you can punish only when you must."

Benchers like Magistrate Hopkins who are progressive and possess initiative will always find ways and means of making their courts serve the community more effectively. Yet the judge is the pivotal character in the administration of justice. ★

PART TWO of this series, to be published in the next issue, will take an intimate and searching look at the men who occupy the bench. How do they work? How good are they at their jobs? How do they reply to their critics? Do they succeed in overcoming their own fears and prejudices and the pressures of the community to achieve true impartiality? Along outside the courtroom, what worries and distracts them the most? And finally, what suggestions are being made by judges — as well as qualified outsiders — to improve our system of administering justice?



The lone pine of Parliament Hill

Continued from page 37

repeatedly year after year to the danger of getting "under the thumb of the Americans." He may add qualifications that some of his best friends are Americans but the feeling of apprehension is there.

How or even whether it will show itself is another matter. Gunn in office is a quiet, mannerly man, more genial, more gentle, more soft-spoken man, than the ruthless dominating figure who used to rise on Mr. Speaker's left. Most people think the representational side of diplomacy, the simple but difficult task of making Canada look to other people a likeable country, is the job Howard Green will do best.

The old Green stubbornness is still there, though. As minister of Public Works he has been using it mainly to fend off demands from his own backbenchers for patronage appointments or pork barrel projects. In this area he has struggled with a remarkably successful Dilmun, as Public Works, he can not a sentimental let speak of Howard Green as the most glowing terms of affection and gratitude.

"He has a spell of minor personnel loyalty over the whole department," says one of them.

They had reason to be grateful. Public Works had long been notorious under the Liberals as one of the few remaining sloughs of old style political patronage. And although Robert H. Winters began systematically draining this slough when he became minister in 1954, there were still a few soggy patches left when Green took over. Under Green, who holds a high opinion of Winters and had no intention of upsetting the reform program nobody in the department was seriously fired. Even the fifteen or twenty people who were "ministerial appointments" of the Liberals not merely civil servants at all remained in their jobs — in their own vast accommodation.

This was no oversight. It was deliberate policy. One civil servant in the ministers office was ready to retire on pension in the summer of 1957. Green said: "Please don't clear this job now with a bit. He didn't want to give anyone a wrong impression. At last one of the secretaries now in his personal staff held the same job under Bob Winters predecessor, Mr. Justice Alphonse Fournier.

Green also made sure there would be no wholesale head-chopping among the temporary or casual labor people who had worked for the department for three years, on for no more shorter time if they were, was systems, stayed on the job although some had a record of almost political activity.

Policy on contracts has been the same. As soon as Green took over he asked for complete details on the system of calling for tenders. When he learned that the Canadian Construction Association was satisfied that the method was fair, he let it stand. The changes he has made in the main have been extensions and not restrictions of the general principle of calling for open tenders and taking the lowest reliable bid.

Of course he's had to give a little

"Anyone caught touching a Driveway tulip would have to move out of town"

They are technicolor floral carpets, flowing down the banks around the curves of the Driveway set just in the angle which will appear most dramatically to the occupants of a motoring car. Humming run-in and inspection sequence. Softness and submission in the pattern of the colors given the exhibit the composition of an artist's canvas.

The Driveway's tulips receive the most concentrated public attention but its beds are a garden in every flower and bush that can flourish in Ottawa's hospitable and humidity including daffodils, petunias, salvia and pentstock. There is little trouble with tunnels. Driveway residents are so pinned in their flowers, says Woodward, that anyone caught touching a National Capital Commission tulip would get five to ten years in jail. Last spring Woodward found fresh red tubers from a bed of tulips meant to bloom all white. Two minutes after he arrived home an RCMP constable was knocking on his door. He was holding up the wilted blooms and demanding an explanation. An almost Driveway invasion had misled Woodward's gardener and planted the pulse.

The Driveway begins as a gently loop off the Sir Sydney Smith highway on the Quebec side of the Hilltop River. Even some of the unsentimentalists among those who use the Driveway daily take time to gaze about them as they cruise swing onto the mighty arch of the Champlain Bridge.

To the west the upper Ottawa Valley rendings unsupplanted and unmissable. Toward the North Pole Cyprus stem with Champlain Natural Reserves to Lapin-dore. St. Patrick Mackenzie and Selkirk on their missions of discovery and salvation. Down this river came hundreds of lumbering canoes and later the rafts of square timber which became the greatest single export in the Canadian economy during the first half of the nineteenth century.

To the east are the Chaudière Falls where in 1613 Samuel de Champlain who thought he was on his way to the Orient watched the Algonquins leaving tobacco into the whirlpools as spiritual offerings.

To the north stretch the Chelsea Hills hiding the cyclopean gardens of Kingsmere where Mackenzie King built grotesque gateways and walls with stones from demolished Ottawa buildings including some which links from the Parliament building destroyed by the fire of 1916. This is the Gatineau country, the summer and winter playground for tired politicians and exasperated civil servants.

To the southeast is the mainland portion of The Driveway. This segment, called Island Park Drive, runs on top of the former right of way of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Railway. There is no sign of the railbed now but its width has allowed the development of an avenue with horses protected by more than double the usual amount of lawn space.

As The Driveway curves eastward past the busy intersection at Carling Avenue into the grounds of the Central Experimental Farm, fields and orchards instead of houses line its route. The farm established on twelve hundred acres in 1886 is the research headquarters for the federal department of agriculture. Sir Charles Saunders, who was chief scientist here from 1911 to 1922, made one of the most important discoveries in Canadian agricultural history when he perfected Marquis wheat. It matures within ninety days of planting, allowing the grain to escape the frost danger. Bread by other strains. The use of Marquis vastly increased the prairies wheat acreage.

Three thousand kinds of trees

The farm's thousand scientific and technicians vastly add research into everything, from the unbelievably mutated sets of fly buttons to the prop pation of bald pens but the ministers using The Driveway are much more aware of the farm's animal population. Eighty-two cows in dozen bulls, twenty horses and hundreds of pigs, sheep, chickens and geese feed in the fields rolling away from the road. The most popular animal stop is the Dominion Arboretum, a medium park just off The Driveway. The seventy-nine plot contains more than one thousand species of trees and shrubs all labeled. In winter the slope away from the arboretum is parking lots provides good skiing, for beginners.

A few lines will known 3mile rapids is an agricultural museum crammed with the second story of one of its barns. It is unmarked and seldom visited. As well as the primitive farm tools which once would expect to find in such a display there is also jammed among pioneer Farm wagons the purple carriage used by Edward VII on his Canadian tour as the Prince of Wales in 1860.

As The Driveway swings away from the meadows of the Experimental Farm the street suddenly assumes a nautical look. It climbs two sides of Dows Lake, named after Abram Dow who took up land here in 1814. The ninety-four acre lake was created out of swamp in 1927 a step that improved the district's odor but halted a thriving trade in frogs' legs. Boys used bamboo rods and hooks baited with pieces of red flannel to stalk the soggy bushes for bull frogs. They peddled the legs to Ottawa housewives who called them in egg and bread crumbs and fried them.

The area has not been entirely reclaimed from its former wilderness. Just before World War II a department of agriculture entomologist set out to trap muskrat in the Dows Lake section of The Driveway. He caught so many animals that in order was able to fashion them into a coat for his wife. A touch of wild life remains. The Driveway from the air twice a year. It is one of the few big-city stands in Canada located on a major bird flyway. Mallards, blue herons, owls, gulls, nighthawks and woodcocks perch around Dows Lake in their flights.

South of Dows Lake is Hogs Back Park, where Ottawans who don't want to learn how can swim and picnic. After it leaves the lake The Driveway swings parallel to the Rideau Canal. Here benches line only the west side of the street giving motorists an unobstructed view of the waterway.

Construction of the Rideau Canal was the first and greatest feat of British military engineering in eastern Canada. It was built at a cost of four million dollars between 1826 and 1832 as an urgent defense measure from a possible attack by the U.S. and Canada when the British Government considered the canal. It was built as part of a supply route that would bypass the international section of the St. Lawrence where ships bound for Montreal or Kingston might come under attack from guns on the American shore. During the forty years following its completion the Rideau Canal was an important commercial artery, now it is used only by pleasure craft.

In its two-mile run alongside the Rideau The Driveway's only brush with commercialism is the entire it makes around Lansdowne Park, the home grounds of the Central Canada Exhibition, the Ottawa Rough Riders and weekly stock-car races. The CNE is the third largest annual exhibition in Canada. Thirteen million people have attended its August performances since it was opened in 1888. From The Driveway observant motorists can glimpse the corner of the CCF's Coliseum where some of the most damning battles in Canadian politics have been fought. On August 7, 1919 a nervous third ballot confirmed William Lyon Mackenzie King as the youngest leader of the Liberals. Louis St. Laurent, George Drew, John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson became party leaders in this building.

The Rideau section of The Driveway ends at the traffic arch of Confederation Square, known for good reason to every Ottawa driver as "Confusion Square." The connecting link with the final section of The Driveway is Sussex Drive, which is the address of some of Canada's most important buildings, including the Royal Canadian Mint, the Public Archives, the National Research Council's headquarters, the residences of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and Rideau Hall, the home of Canada's governors general. The Driveway begins again just past Rideau Hall, crossed in the plans of Rockcliffe Park.

The park is used by skiers in the winter, picnickers in summer. Its calm is seldom disturbed but it has in the past been the favored battleground for Ottawans with the urge to duel. Dr. Edward Van Courtlandt was wounded here in 1832, dueling with an opponent whom he described, in bandbills distributed before the fight as "an miscreant politician." In 1948 John Kinnie, the consul general of the Dominican Republic, challenged Dr. Ivan Carlos Rodriguez, the Argentinian ambassador to "pistols on swords at dawn" break under the calm at Rockcliffe. Kane deemed his country had been insulted at a cocktail party given by Rodriguez but the Argentinian claimed that Kane had been in a complaining mood. The fight was called off when Rodriguez pointed out that it was not proper protocol for an ambassador to duel with a mere nonentity general. Both diplomats were recalled shortly after the incident.

The Driveway ends abruptly in the northern corner of Rockcliffe at the gates of the RCMP's N Division, one of the force's three main training centres. From a lookout over the Ottawa River, the policemen's gate timber can be seen floating down from the Gatineau country to the Eddy paper mills. At night the neon lights of Hull blink across the wide river.

The Driveway, unlike the majority of Canadian streets, imparts a sense of beauty even to motorists who use it every day. It always invites to and from and sings along The Driveway," says Yousuf Karsh, the famous photographer. "There is no season when The Driveway is not an inspiration. ★

What's new at the Mutual



Guaranteed insurability— to meet your future requirements

A new Mutual Life option guarantees you the right to obtain extra life insurance later on — up to $50,000 additional insurance *without medical examination*. Your insurability can be guaranteed — ask your Mutual Life of Canada man about insuring it.



Lower rates for women!

With a deep bow to the ladies: The Mutual Life now provides you with insurance at lower premiums than for men — and recognizes that you are younger, medium than your years. Proven ability to live longer means real savings for you — from The Mutual Life of Canada.



Automatic payment of premiums... save time, postage and money!

You write no more cheques. Mutual Life's new automatic plan takes over. A Mutual Life extra! Your monthly premium is less than if you pay monthly the usual way.



Group insurance—for 5 or more employees

Really complete basic coverage at remarkably low Mutual Life rates — life insurance, hospital, surgical, medical expenses and income while ill or — plus health insurance and multiple benefits for dependents — all integrated with government plans where in effect.

Talk it over with your Mutual man. A Mutual Life policyholder enjoys the most modern services, the most attractive savings in life insurance today. Get protection at low net cost from The Mutual Life of Canada — the company with the outstanding dividend record.

1869—*ninety years of leadership in mutual life insurance*—1959

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

MI 1544



He won't suffer from acid indigestion!

Wise man—he keeps Tums handy. He knows that stomach upsets can strike anytime. Tums give fast relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and that too-full feeling.

Just chew one or two pleasant tasting Tums Tablets—no water needed. Tums antacid formula starts *instantly* to neutralize excess acid. Tums are economical.

Take Tums for fast relief!

TUMS

FOR THE TUMMY

Roll of 12 tablets still only 10¢. 3-roll pack 29¢

Surf-Sand-and Sunshine!



In Prince Edward Island the summer sea averages 74 days and warm nights cool and hay fever practically unknown. You can play golf for $1.50 a day. By fish for mackerel in the ocean or for trout in pleasant streams and swim, dance ride, play tennis and sun bathe on the miles of sandy beaches. Accommodation is high in quality, moderate in cost and the lobsters and Malpeque oysters most succulent. Spend YOUR vacation on the sun-kissed Isle. For coloured brochure, write A. A. Nicholson, Director Travel Bureau, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

A GARDEN IN THE SEA

ground occasionally here and there" says one of his officials, but he's usually done wonderfully well considering his party has been out twenty-two years. Howard was able to keep the party politicians at bay.

Of course not all the hungry Tories feel he was doing well to keep them that "out bay". Ehman has been much resentment. On the day after Gardiner appointment in External Affairs a nyasty Conservative remarked:

I wandered home to tell that appointee yesterday how many of my old friends were cheering because Howard is going to External Affairs and how many because he's leaving Public Works.

Another said quite frankly: We need a minister in Public Works who has some awareness of political realities.

It's only fair to add that not all the critics of Gardiner's rigidity are limited to pork seekers. One friend who called him "a damn fine, dedicated man" altogether as a compliment.

"In the old Opposition days, time after time it would be Howard Green against the rest," he said. "Often it got pretty tiresome. Back in the war years, his most constant complaint was that the party wasn't giving enough help to the Grits — not taking a firm enough stand on issues like conscription, not pressing hard enough for more effort. But that's the way he'd take his stand—high and on a lot of other issues all of them forgotten now and some of them trivial even at the time."

Another old acquaintance said: Howard is a man of very high principles and very deep prejudices. He can't always tell which is which."

An example often cited is the party schism in Green's native province of British Columbia — a split which ruined the Conservatives for years and there and still bedevils their provincial organization. Green had no use for Herbert H. Anscomb, provincial Conservative leader and a member of the coalition government that built it pieces early in 1952. Green detested not only the idea of coalition with the Liberals but the whole coalition crowd as individuals. Some of them may indeed have been unsavory characters but others were impeccable Conservatives whom the party badly needed. Green would have nothing to do with any of them.

How he won't even sit down and talk to anyone from another faction of which he disapproves" said one of his Conservative critics.

An oldish instance of the same thing was Green's feud with Harry Stevens of Vancouver, the minister in Bennett's cabinet who resigned in 1930 after a long period of almost open dissension with his chief, to found the ill-born Reconstruction Party. Though Green is almost pathologically non-partisan in other situations — as when he's running a government department — loyalty in his view is the cornerstone of all the virtues and he would have no dealings with the Stevens group — and won't to this day.

Howard will tell you and he really believes that his quarrel with Stevens was entirely a matter of moral principle the same Conservatism he says. But the old hands in B.C. remember that Harry Stevens beat Bob Green, Howard's uncle, in a fight for the provincial party leadership in 1904. So all the Greens were brought up to think that Stevens was a terrible man.

Be that as it may, it's true that Howard Green's political views date back to the mists of early childhood. He can't remember a time when he wasn't interested in politics.

He was born in 1895 in Kaslo, a boom mining town in the interior of British Columbia. The town itself was only two years old when Howard was born and his Uncle Bob, his father's partner in the local general store, was Kaslo's first mayor. Until Uncle Bob became an M.L.A. still later an M.P., finally Senator Robert Green still remembered with respect by older British Columbians. Uncle Bob was a pioneer friend of Premier Mr. Bridge who always dined with the Greens when he visited the Kootenay district. Young Howard grew up determined that he too would go into public life.

Of course World War I diminished. He was an undergraduate when it broke out and not yet nineteen he wanted to take his B.A. in 1915 enrolling immediately in the Officers' Training Corps so that when he graduated and joined the Kootenay Battalion he already had a second lieutenant's commission. After a year in the trenches he became an instructor in the Canadian Corps Infantry School then a staff officer with the Sixth Brigade. He was sent to Germany with the occupation forces then posted to demobilization duty and didn't get out of the army until July 1919. After an accelerated postwar law course at Osgoode Hall, Toronto and a couple of years articled to a Vancouver law firm, he was called to the bar in 1922.

But Green only took law as training for public life. He plunged into politics at once — not as a candidate for many years yet but as a lowly party worker. By 1925 he had earned the nomination in Vancouver South and though 1935 was a disastrous year for the Conservative Party, Green won the seat. It is one of his few boasts (he's a modest man) that he has never been defeated in an election nor opposed for a nomination.

He hates to travel

Since then he has had experience in a wide variety of policy fields. He was minister of defence production during the first year the government was in office and before that was a tireless critic of national defence. He was the minister in charge of the housing program which Liberals concede to be the Diefenbaker government's outstanding accomplishment. He has always been interested in welfare legislation — his first speech to parliament in 1936 was in favor of pensions for the blind and he and John Diefenbaker joined the party out of opposing family allowances in 1945. At one time or another he's been active in veterans affairs, postwar reconstruction, conservation and development of resources. In fact almost every sector of public affairs with one glaring exception—foreign policy. There his experience and his vital interest have been practically nil.

Since the Conservatives came to power more than a hundred MPs, including at least fifteen ministers, have been abroad as Canadian representative on official or semi-official missions. Howard Green has not been one of them. Thus the Public Works minister might not appear to have much occasion to go outside Canada but neither is the minister of Northern Affairs. The record seems to indicate that anyone can get on some delegation who really wants to go. Howard Green hasn't wanted to go. He doesn't like travel, hasn't been overseas except as a soldier in the first war and seldom even visits the United States.

He doesn't like entertaining either. He and his second wife, (his first wife died in 1953) live very quietly in the middle of Ottawa's bustling social life. When parliament is in session Green is House leader so any evenings he prefers to spend at home reading, usually official papers he has taken home from the office. Unlike the prime minister, Ginnis doesn't like getting up early and has trouble getting to work by nine or even nine thirty, but he puts in just as long a day. Often he is at his office past midnight.

He has a son and three grandchildren living in the village of Slocan, a twelve miles out of town and when he can get away he likes to spend time with them. Otherwise his favorite recreation is a brisk walk, or occasionally to have a few friends in for the evening.

However these friends have no worries about the Green's ability to play official host. Mrs. Green, a former French professor at the University of British Columbia, has been a considerable entertaining of parliamentary wives who say she does it well and seems to enjoy it. As for her husband, most of his friends seem to agree with one who said: "I Howard thinks it's his duty to entertain people he will do it—and if he does it at all he'll do it well."

During his twenty two years in Opposition he made many speeches on one or another aspect of foreign affairs but aside from his interest in the Pacific only two principles emerge clearly. One is his basic love "the British Empire," the other is a lively distrust (though not his worst insult is dislike) of the neighboring colossus, the United States of America.

Actually Howard Green's first statement as minister of External Affairs was a defense of the United States against criticism of American president George Hees, the minister of Transport had been making statements about the passage of U.S. naval vessels through the Welland canal in which Hees sounded a bit like Hermiston at the bridge impelling a Yankee invasion. Green put it in to say: "It would be unfortunate indeed if the impression should go abroad either in Canada or the United States that this matter is not being treated in a very friendly and considerate way by both governments."

He explained that things had been the exchange of notes required by the Rush-Bagot Treaty before any ships of war can enter the Great Lakes—that Canada had agreed to the course suggested by the U.S. Navy that neither country had foreseen the congestion now tying up the Welland Canal. In Washington and in Ottawa "anything has been done in good faith in connection with this proposal."

His personal relations with Americans are excellent. U.S. Ambassador Richard Wigglesworth is a man particularly congenial to the new Canadian minister of External Affairs. Since both are old hands in politics and newcomers to diplomacy. On one of the rare occasions when Green has acted in official host for the government his guests happened to be an American delegation. Green's direct, friendly manner made a great impression on the visitors and the affair was a huge success.

A visiting Irish statesman once said to a small audience in Ottawa: "You Canadians seem to be the opposite of us Irish. We hate England but we get on very well with Englishmen. You adore England but you don't like the English much." Green's attitude toward the U.S.A. seems to be a modified diluted version of this Irish attitude toward England.

If the Canadian people aim no higher than for Canada to be a small nation she'll never be anything else — and shall end up under the thumb of the United States," he said in a typical speech toward the end of the war. "I believe Canadians desire it to be a great world power standing beside Great Britain in the British Empire. We are a British nation and I believe the great majority of the Canadian people intend we shall remain so."

Early the same year in a speech often quoted even now he had come out strongly for "one common policy" in world affairs: a single Commonwealth policy. Green says today that this dream of "one voice" for the Commonwealth is obsolete. The Commonwealth took a different course. But the war, he says, and now its great limitation is to be a bridge between East and West (meaning Europe and Asia not the Free World and the Communist bloc). He has no intention of trying to put the block back.

But whatever changes time may have made in Ideal for specific policies, the Suez debate two and half years ago revealed the same emotions and convictions. To Green Suez was the most disgraceful period for Canada in the history of this nation. When the General Assembly of the United Nations condemned Britain and France for attacking Egypt, the Canadian government didn't limit the backbench to get up and vote against that resolution they went too busy entreating favor with the Americans. Colonel Nasser, this unpet dictator to whom Canada has been a better friend than she has to Britain and France, had been to meeting treble in North Africa against him French got Canada's whole attitude to Egypt was unbelievably soft, and "the moment Britain and France moved Canada inched to pendulum them." He ended the speech with a sentiment that still rings in a good many ears, both friendly and hostile.

"It's high time Canada had a government that won't knife Canada's best friends in the bank."

What does Albion say?

Such words are not soon forgotten. There is coolness in the day between Green and Lester Pearson, who as minister of External Affairs was largely responsible for Canada's policy on Suez, the two men have respect for each other, but not liking. Green is not likely to get from Pearson in debates on foreign policy the gentle treatment accorded to the late Sidney Smith.

This is not just because Smith was an old friend. It's also because Smith and Pearson agreed on all important questions of foreign policy, including Suez. Smith said so to reporters on the day he was sworn in. The prime minister hastily shushed him but Smith's remark was no mere gaffe — he meant it and he often repeated it in private. He added too that the secret papers to which he now had access made him all the more strongly believe Anthony Eden was wrong and Lester Pearson right on the Suez issue.

Green hasn't yet had time to read the Suez papers. He is still minister of Public Works and House leader and it's all he can do to keep up with the latest minutiae of daily routine in External Affairs. But if any secret documents convince Howard Green that Britain was wrong in 1956 it will be a great surprise to most people who know him.

Last autumn when Prime Minister Diefenbaker was traveling in Asia and Green was acting head of the government a funky vote came up in the UN General Assembly on one of the resolutions about Cyprus. Sidney Smith was away too on a visit to South America. The Canadian delegation asked for new instructions. Back from the acting prime minister came the word: Canada should find out what the British were going to do and vote the same way.

Earlier when he was minister of defense production the Americans wanted to set up in Canada part of the communications system for BMEWS — the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System. All they wanted at the outset was to send teams into the sub Arctic to pick the sites for more wave relay stations, but this request went unanswered for a very long time. Then when the actual terms were to be negotiated the U.S. found Canada unexpectedly sticky on various details. Finally the Americans dropped the whole thing, and put an underwater cable down instead at much double the cost but without international complications. These things may have been mere coincidence, but not all Americans think so.

Such items were recalled with appreciation when Green was named to External Affairs. Some people thought they indicated a step back toward colonialism to let Canada that would gladly "vote with Mum." Others said they mean the better informed say these incidents are both minimal and misleading and no reason for alarm. However there may well be a period during which the minutiae and his new department will look entirely other than white.

Perhaps the continuation of deliberate Pearson-Martin-Diefenbaker takes a rather sardonic view of the External Affairs department. "They don't do enough to keep themselves warm," is one remark attributed to him. Many other Conservatives are suspicious of a breed of men who, they feel, run all admirers, protégés and admirers of Lester B. Pearson the Liberal Party leadership and threaten the enemy.

Some put the thought in non-partisan terms. "I think Howard Green was the best possible appointment just because he's different from any we've had before," said a Conservative MP. "Those fellows are all the same, type tied up in arrow ways and minutiae who were put here then. It's time they had to deal with somebody who isn't too damned conventional."

It is true that the people who have handled Canada's affairs abroad from John A. Macdonald on down have had in multiply similar views on what Canadian policy ought to be. But it's also a historical fact that although these men in turn in and to have the same opinion they started out with very different ones.

John A. himself with all his pride that a British subject I will die" refused a British request to send Canadian troops to Suez. He would not be said help to get Gladstone and Cie out of the hole they have plunged themselves into by their own imbecility. Sir Robert Borden, another great empire patriot became the founder of Canada's autonomy in foreign affairs by insisting on Canada's right to sign the Treaty of Versailles as a separate sovereign nation.

It's interesting to observe the same transformation beginning now. George Drew, Canada's high commissioner to London was a strong imperialist too when he was Conservative Party leader — almost as strong as Howard Green. Friends say he's not so strong today. The change began last year, they say, at the Geneva conference on the law of the sea. Some of the British delegates undertook in a kindly way to instruct the Canadians on the right way to think, speak and vote. Drew's reaction was unfavorable. Friends who have seen him lately report with amusement and perhaps with some exaggeration that he often begins a sentence with "I'm not anti-British but ★

there's no gin like

GORDON'S



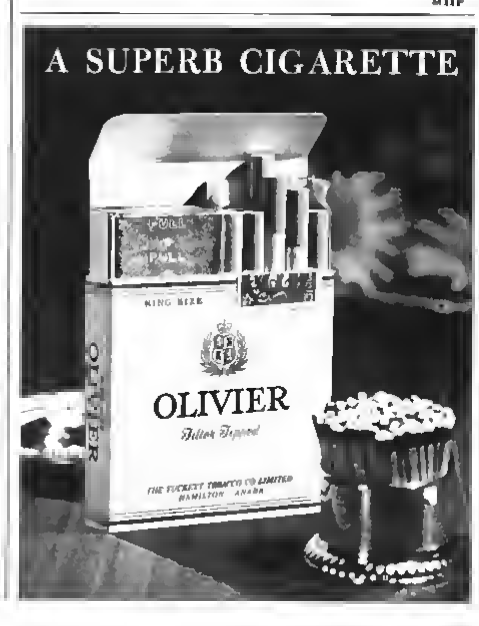
Clearly the *best* for gin and tonic and the *heart* of a good cocktail

IMPORTED from ENGLAND

Distilled and Bottled at 260 GOSWELL RD., LONDON E.C.1.

M31P

A SUPERB CIGARETTE



With those snacks served pre-dinner

74

is a winner.

Everybody likes Canadian 74 Sherry—Canada's largest-selling premium sherry, by far!



Bright's fine Canadian Wines

SINCE 1874

Write Bright's Wines, Lachine Que. for your *free* copy of "Bright & Cheery Recipes"—a meal-planning guidebook!

Parade

Why truck drivers learn to swear

A construction truck with a great load of steel reinforcing rods overhanging the rear arrived to make delivery at the gate in a hoarding where a new building is going up in Vancouver. A car was so parked that while it didn't block the entrance it did impede the manoeuvre but it was locked and immovable. As the truck driver resignedly started to try and back to past the car a helpful little man appeared and offered vigorous directions such as "Hard left . . . not too far . . . now straighten her out . . . okay now — you've plenty of room." With this help the truck driver neatly eased past the obstructing car but rammed his load of rods into the side of the gate.

"Oh, hard luck driver," shrugged the little man and climbing into the car that had caused all the grief, drove off.

* * *

Every freight office has a "no marks department" where goods collect that have lost their delivery labels, and eventually about ninety percent find their rightful owners somehow. The rest are periodically sold at auction and sometimes you can get a good bargain like the Toronto man who picked up fifty pounds of high grade grass seed and sowed the finest lawn in the Metro area — that is if you like radishes as a ground cover.

* * *

You're a fool to tackle any job unless the tools of your trade are in perfect working condition, as a thief discovered near Mirror, Alta., when he stole a load of grain. Many hours later police closed in on him relentlessly thanks to the hole in the bottom of his truck that had spilled a trail of wheat 20 miles long.



* * *

A Regina cabinetmaker took two sizes of cubs on a weekend camp and room-disk, got them bedded down in two tents where upon he climbed into his sleeping bag between the tents. Just dozing off he was aroused by a shout from one tent, "There's water in here." His soothing reassurances had no sooner convinced the worried lads that they were mistaken when his shoulder was shaken by a boy who had crawled out from the other tent to demand "Please, sir, can we have some more too?"

It isn't only doctors and off-duty reporters who get emergency calls on Sunday. It was Sunday breakfast time when a bit Caledonites, Ont. bank manager was phoned by a customer who reported with horror she had just discovered where she'd put a ten-dollar bill for safe keeping the day before — in the pop-up toaster. And what she wanted to know so urgently was whether a toasted ten-dollar bill was still redeemable. The bank manager told her to bring it downtown during banking hours for inspection and went back to his own toast (cold), shaking his head.



* * *

Ever spend half your noon hour looking for a department store clerk to take your order? Well, you won't in Winnipeg's stores for a treat and a surprise. A local Parade agent spied one woman shopper who had been driven to wearing a sign printed in red letters, "Just looking, thanks."

* * *

The Ottawa Journal's parliamentary press gallery correspondents have sprung a real exposé of glass distortion on parliament hill. Powder rooms on the Senate side of the centre block are labelled "Ladies" — those on the Commons side just say "Women."

* * *

It's some time now since a woman in an Alberta town tragically lost her husband while visiting in a small city in the state of Washington, and she recently commented to friends on the odd things that impress one later of an experience like that. When it was decided that funeral and burial would be held in the distant city the helpful undertaker said he would look after everything which he did to her satisfaction. When the bill was received it included a fifteen-dollar fee for the soloist who had performed so fittingly and $2.50 entertainment tax.

PARADE PAYS $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.



SHIPS NEED GOOD ROADS, TOO



In endless variety the products pass through Montreal Harbour . . . machinery, silk, molasses, hides, Glass inbound, lumber outbound. Millions of tons of goods. Thousands of voyages.

The ships that serve this busiest of Canadian ports require many facilities—wharves, piers, grain elevators, warehouses . . . and good roads.

Why do ships need good roads? The answer is simply that road transportation is becoming more important every year in bringing goods in Montreal for export and delivering imported goods. The amount of inbound grain that is hauled over roads, for example, has doubled in the last five years.

And just as ships need good roads, so must every kind of goods-in-highway transportation. It is an axiom that to find a high economic level where you find good roads.

That's why the progressive road building program in Quebec—and in every other province—is the soundest possible investment in the future. For a better road system pays back its cost many times over in economic benefit.

Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads you know that your province is getting its money's worth.

CATERPILLAR

Diesel Engines • Tractors • Motor Graders
Earthmoving Equipment

BETTER ROADS FOR A GREATER CANADA

Caterpillar of Canada Ltd. Toronto, Ontario Caterpillar Tractor Co. Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A. Caterpillar Americas Co. Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A. Caterpillar Overseas S.A. Caracas, Venezuela Caterpillar of Australia Pty. Ltd. Melbourne Caterpillar Brasil S.A. São Paulo Caterpillar Tractor Co. Ltd. Glasgow, Scotland



Only Coca-Cola gives you the cheerful lift that's bright and lively...the cold crisp taste that so deeply satisfies! No wonder it's the real refreshment...anytime...anywhere! Pause...for Coke!

Get Coke in King Size, too.
Now available almost everywhere.



King • Regular

Enjoy Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REG.

for THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

SAY COKE OR COCA-COLA — BOTH TRADEMARKS MEAN THE PRODUCT OF COCA-COLA LTD